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MY LOST SON.

BY GEORGE D. PRENTICE.

My child! my dear lost child! a father's heart,
Touched by the holy wand of memory,
Would, in this hour of loneliness and gloom,
When not a sound is borne upon the air,
And not a star is visible in heaven,
Hold sweet communion with thy soul.
How well
Do I remember that all mournful day,
When thy young mother bore thy wasting form,
With breaking heart and streaming eyes afar,
In the vain hope to save the dear young life
To which the tendrils of her own were bound.
With one wild pressure of thy little form
To my sad bosom, with a frantic kiss
Upon thy pallid lips, and a hot tear
Wrung from a burning brain, I said farewell—
Alas! my child, I never saw thee more.

In a strange land, far from thy own dear home,
But with the holy ministries of love
Around thy couch, thy little being passed,
Like the sweet perfume of a bright young rose,
To mingle with the skies from whence it came.
Oh, in that hour, my child, thy last of earth,
Did not a thought of thy poor father's love
Soften the anguish of thy parting soul,
And were not thy dear little arms outstretched
To meet his fond caress!
Thou sleepest, child,
Where the Missouri rolls its wild dark waves,
And I have never gazed upon thy grave.
No tears of deep affection ever blend
With the soft dews and gentle rains that fall
Upon the turf that lies above thy breast;
But, oh! the spot is hallowed. There the spring,
The bright spring, yearly throws her loveliest wreaths
Of buds and blossoms—there, at morn and eve,
The viewless spirit of the zephyr breathes
Its holiest whispers in the springing grass,
As if communing with thee—there the birds
Glance through the air like wingèd souls, and pour
Their sweet, unearthly melodies—and tnere
At the soft twilight hour young angels come
To hover o'er the spot on heavenly wings
And leave their glowing footprints on the sod.

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SOWING AND REAPING.

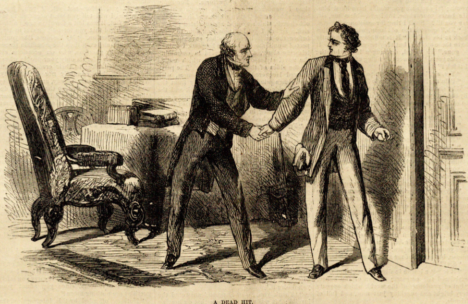
BY J. F. SMITH,

AUTHOR OF "THE STEPMOTHER," "MINNIGREY," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER V.

"How am I to interpret, sir, this visit?
Is it a compliment of form? or love?" A. PHILIPS.

[ENTERED ACCORDING TO ACT OF CONGRESS, IN THE YEAR 1861, BY ROBERT BONNER, IN THE CLERK'S OFFICE OF THE DISTRICT COURT FOR THE SOUTHERN DISTRICT OF NEW YORK.]



A DEAD HIT.

Harold's first introduction to his cousin Augustus took place at a formal dinner party, given by Sir Jasper, for the express purpose of presenting him to the rest of his family connexions, which were exceedingly numerous, as well as a wide circle of his own personal friends—that is to say, the baronet's friends; for Lady Mansell had her set apart—from which all city acquaintances, including many of her own and husband's relations, were carefully excluded—causing no slight amount of heartburning east of Temple Bar.

Stringent as was the rule, her ladyship deemed it prudent to relax it in favor of her uncle—a retired drysalter—who, although the owner of Bampton Park and half-a-dozen estates besides, continued to reside at his former house of business in Cannon-street, to the intense disgust of his niece and her fashionable daughter. Many and useless were the attempts they had made to induce him to remove to a more fashionable residence—he was not to be persuaded—the place agreed with him—he liked it, and cared but little whether they did or not.

So obstinate was the old man upon the point, that Lady Mansell frequently declared he persisted in remaining in Cannon-street for no other reason than to mortify her.

Possibly she was right, for Zachariah Imray—Zac as he was called in the City—possessed sufficient shrewdness to read the motive of her attentions, and the exception made in his favor. He was rich, enormously rich, said to be worth millions, made by his contracts with government during the Peninsular war.

Strange to say, the eccentric old bachelor appeared to take a great delight in presenting himself at his niece's parties; not to shame her by his vulgarity, for his language and manners were both unexceptional, but to rebuke her pride; for whenever her ladyship introduced him to any of her titled and fashionable friends as Mr. Imray, of Bampton Park, he invariable added, and of Cannon-street, City. Another and greater cause of offence was his persistence in calling her Betsy.

Fortunately for Miss Mansell, she had been christened Georgiana, which her wealthy relative could only abbreviate to Georgy.

In person, the retired drysalter was tall, thin, and not without a certain gentlemanly bearing. He dressed well, but with studied plainness. Had he been fat and pursy, we question whether the prospect of inheriting his millions would have rendered his society endurable to his fashionable relations.

Harold did not feel quite pleased with the critical air with which the old man eyed him on their introduction, which he acknowledged coldly though politely.

"Ah," muttered Mr. Zachariah Imray to himself, "he has not heard yet how rich I am"—a proof that the speaker was either very cynical, or exceedingly purse-proud.

At dinner our hero found himself placed between two female cousins, whose husbands, Messieurs Ray and Rhimer, were heads of a large firm in the timber trade. Although sisters, a marked contrast existed between the ladies. The elder, a tall, fine woman, appeared painfully timid—blushed and hesitated when she replied to him; her principal occupation at table was to watch the words and glances of her lord and master—a waspish-looking little man, who spoke in a loud, dictatorial tone, and kept continually making observations, which no one but his wife attended to.

Mrs. Ray, on the contrary, was a lively, blue-eyed, fairy-like creature, who received the devoted attentions of her husband with careless, good-humored indifference—entered at once into conversation with her new-found relative, whom she embarrassed more than once by the frankness with which she expressed her opinions of those around her.

"What do you think of us?" she asked; "curious set—but I forgot you have not had time to go through the menagerie yet; you shall tell me by-and-by. Aunt Mansell is very magnificent, so is her eldest daughter, Georgiana—Jane is not pretty."

"She is something better than pretty," interrupted our hero; "she is good! I shall not forget the kind manner in which she received me."

"Now I like that," exclaimed the little woman, warmly, "Jane is good, and goodness is better than beauty! and I think I shall like you. You must come and see me, cousin, when you have nothing better to do; my parties are not so fine as Lady Mansell's, but far more pleasant; no ceremony with me, is there, Loo?"

This was addressed to her sister.

"Not much," replied the latter.

"You are exceedingly kind," said Harold, "and——"

"Not in the least," interrupted Mrs. Ray, "I never ask people out of compliment, do I, Loo?"

"I should hope not, Annie."

Here Mr. Rhimer gave a short, dry cough.

"Well, there, yes!" continued his sister-in-law, laughingly. "I confess you are an exception, I plead guilty to insincerity when I invite you. You can't conceive what a jealous monster he is," she added, pretending to whisper, "he would not believe his wife loved him if she did not watch his looks and words like a pet spaniel."

"Oh, Annie! Annie!" ejaculated Mrs. Rhimer.

"Fact, isn't it, George?"

Her husband smiled, and showed his exceedingly white teeth.

"Who is that amiable looking woman seated next to Mr. Zachariah Imray?" inquired Harold, anxious to change the conversation.

"What! haven't you been introduced to Aunt Grey?" demanded his lively cousin; "she belongs to us, that is your mother's side of the family. Such a dear old creature! Everyone loves her. Lady Mansell has shown a fine taste for contrasts in placing her next her uncle."

"Contrasts!" repeated her hearer, mechanically.

"Crab-apple and peach," said Mrs. Ray, lowering her tone.

A dinner party thirty years ago must have been a fearful bore to a young fellow fresh from the country. First, he had to take wine with the mistress of the house, next, with every lady to whom he had been introduced, to say nothing of challenges from the gentlemen, and the usual amount of small talk with the younger ladies near him.

In the last respect Harold was fortunately situated, in being seated between his cousins. Mrs. Rhimer scarcely spoke, and her sister took the trouble of conversing off his hands.

"Don't stay too long over your wine," whispered Mrs. Ray, as Lady Mansell rose majestically from the table, and bowed her turbaned head to the female guests. "Mind, only four glasses, George," she added aloud, holding up her finger to her husband.

"I wish to heaven it was over," thought our hero, as he closed the drawing-room door, after the departure of the ladies.

Poor fellow, he had a still more disagreeable ordeal to go through—a trial from which the young men of the present day are exempt—to return thanks for his health being drank. Thanks! How often in our earlier days have we wished the benevolent old gentleman in a white waistcoat, who *would* make a speech, and style us his interesting young friend—who smiled blandly upon the tortures he must have known he was inflicting—somewhere between Messapotamia and Jericho, anywhere within them, standing with his fat, white hand upon the glass, whose contents were to wash down the enumeration of our virtues. We have even felt wicked enough to regret that we ever had any virtues to enumerate.

Then the pause in the conversation—the waiting for the victim to get upon his legs, the nervous twitching about the corners of his mouth, supposed to be a smile; the patronising air with which his tormentor regarded him; the "chut, chut," at every pause; the "hear, hear," at every break-down, and the dreadful tapping on the table, in the midst of which the speaker sat down, deeply impressed with the conviction that he had made an ass of himself.

The young men of the present day cannot feel too grateful for their escape from the mental tortures their fathers endured.

All eyes were fixed upon Sir Jasper Mansell as he arose from his chair, after requesting his guests to fill their glasses; his son Augustus yawned.

"Gentlemen," said the baronet, "in a family re-union I need not apologize for asking you to drink the health I am about to propose."

"Hear! hear!"

"Providence is very merciful, and dispenses many blessings; as one tie is broken another is cemented. I have this day introduced to you the son of my dear and deeply-lamented brother, who is about to enter on a course of usefulness and honor—a course in which his talents, high sense of honor and integrity will, I doubt not, ultimately insure success. The name of Mansell is not without its *prestige* in the commercial world."

"Hear! hear!" exclaimed two not very wealthy relatives, at the bottom of the table.

"He will, no doubt, do credit to that name," continued the banker, "and sustain it when I am gone. My son"—here the speaker glanced at the portrait of his Royal Highness, which hung over the sideboard—"as you are aware, has adopted the army as a profession, by desire of his illustrious godfather. Do I regret his choice, gentlemen?"

There was a pause. No one thought fit to cry "Hear! hear!" till they heard whether Sir Jasper did or did not regret it, when the cheering became great.

"No, I do *not* regret it, since it affords me an opportunity of proving my affection for my nephew.

"I beg leave to propose the health of Mr. Harold Mansell."

"Now for a speech," said Augustus, in a whisper, quite loud enough to be heard at his end of the table.

Our hero, in all probability, would have felt much more embarrassed, had not a feeling something akin to scorn at the speaker's hypocrisy sustained him. The allusion to the dear and deeply-lamented brother, whom he had suffered to linger out a life of poverty, as an underpaid curate at Lowelstree, disgusted him.

"Gentlemen," he said, in the few brief words of his reply, "I thank my uncle for the good opinion he has expressed of me. Years must elapse before I can prove whether I deserve it. The path his kindness has opened to me requires, I am aware, strict integrity; that I know I possess," he added, modestly; "but can only hope that the talents he gives me credit for may not be found wanting."

There was but little applause when Harold resumed his seat. Had he expressed himself servilely it would have been overwhelming; but it had not even the merit of being ridiculous. Sir Jasper felt and looked disappointed; not a word of his bounty and benevolence, vast influence, and affection!

It was scarcely worth while to provide for a nephew and meet so little gratitude.

To add to his annoyance, the old drysalter asked Harold to take wine with him.

"Beautiful," whispered Mrs. Ray, when her cousin joined the ladies in the drawing-room. "How I should like to have heard your speech! George told me all about it."

To his surprise, Mr. Rhimer shook him warmly by the hand, and gave him his card.

"What think you of my nephew?" inquired Lady Mansell, as her wealthy uncle took his seat upon the sofa beside her.

"Umph! not a bit like Augustus—a puppy."

The reply was rather an equivocal one, inasmuch as it did not appear quite certain to which of the young men the disparaging word "puppy" was intended to reply. Her ladyship, however, smiled graciously; maternal blindness did not permit her to entertain any doubt upon that point.

"The young man evidently labors under the delusion that he is handsome," observed Georgiana, who felt piqued at the cold but perfect politeness with which her cousin treated her.

"Handsome, my love?" repeated her mother; "absurd!"

"Jane thinks so," observed the spoiled beauty, sarcastically.

"I never said so," replied her sister, blushing deeply at the accusation, "but I believe him to be good and kind—better qualities in a man than beauty."

"So they are," said Zachariah Imray, pinching her cheek good humoredly; "but few girls have the sense to think so—one reason," he added, "why I have remained a bachelor all my life."

"That could not have been the cause," exclaimed his niece.

"Uncle must have been very handsome in his younger days," observed her eldest daughter, in an audible whisper.

"What do you think?" demanded the retired drysalter, turning brusquely to Jane.

"I am not a very good judge," replied the latter, timidly, "but I should not think you had ever been handsome."

"Rather plain, eh?"

"Yes, uncle."

"Very plain, perhaps?"

"Very plain," repeated the younger sister; "almost as plain as I am myself," she added, with a faint smile.

"What an idiot!" mentally ejaculated Georgiana.

"That girl has no tact," thought her mother.

Instead of appearing offended at the frankness of his grandniece, Zachariah Imray gave one of his quiet chuckles, the nearest approach to a laugh he ever indulged in. Lady Mansell, however, was far from feeling assured as to his real feelings, for, as she frequently declared, she never understood uncle Zac's chuckle.

Not being one of their *own parties*, neither the hostess nor her fashionable daughter made the slightest effort to amuse their guests. Her ladyship had given them a dinner, displayed her diamonds and best plate; what more could they expect? Sir Jasper ventured to hint something about music, but her ladyship frowned him down, Georgiana never condesended to sing or play except to her own exclusive set.

"Music!" repeated Mrs. Ray, who overheard the baronet's request, "certainly! I will give you some music."

Seating herself at the piano, the spirited little woman played one of Beethoven's sonatas with a brilliancy of touch and expression but rarely met with in society in 1820, and not frequently in professional circles.

Uncle Zac was in raptures, the old drysalter had a passionate love for music.

"Do you sing?" whispered the lady to Harold.

"A little."

"Well enough to try this duet with me?" she added, turning over the leaves of one of Bishop's most popular compositions then just out. "We must not let these very grand people imagine," she added, with an arch smile, "that we are quite Goths and Vandals."

"I will try it," said our hero, modestly; "it does not appear very difficult. If I break down, the failure will be mine."

There was not much fear; music had been the solace of his late father's life; and he had imparted the taste to his boys, who for years had led the village choir in the dear old church at Lowelstree.

The duet proved a decided success. Even the magnificent Georgiana condescended to express her approbation.

"How magnificently Harold sings!" observed Jane, with her usual truthful frankness.

"*Vox et prœterea nihil*," said her brother, with a sneer.

"I don't understand Latin, Augustus," replied his younger sister, meekly.

"I should say not—few girls do."

"What does it mean, uncle!"

This was addressed to the old drysalter, who still retained his seat on the sofa, by the mistress of the mansion.

"That monkeys are no judges of music," answered Zac, without moving a muscle of his countenance.

The godsôn of the royal personage, whose portrait hung over the sideboard in the dining-room, colored with rage, but made no reply—he knew how rich the speaker was.

"Georgiana, my love," said her ladyship, who saw that something was wrong, "can you not try a duet with your cousin?"

"Do, pray do!" exclaimed half-a-dozen voices round her.

"You know, mamma, I never sing English music," observed the beauty; "it deteriorates the taste."

"Italian, then," urged Mrs. Ray.

"Does Mr. Harold Mansell sing Italian?" demanded the accomplished young lady, languidly.

"He speaks it fluently," said the former, "that I can answer for; and, I presume, can sing it."

"Indeed!"

"With an accent," added the little woman, laughingly; "like most persons who have never resided in Italy."

"Have you resided there?" inquired Georgiana.

"Ten years, with my dear father," replied Mrs. Ray. "He was consul there."

Our hero made no objection when Lady Mansell condescendingly informed him that her daughter would try an Italian duet with him, but led the young lady at once to the instrument. His cousin proved herself a brilliant musician; her vocalization was perfect in all but expression—the charm, the spell, of music—the grace which, like a sunbeam resting on a cloud, softens each outline and illumes the whole.

"He *can* sing, mamma," whispered Georgiana, as she resumed her seat beside her on the sofa, where she remained for the rest of the evening, listening dreamily to the compliments poured into her ear by the gentlemen who formed a circle round them. They told her she was beautiful. She wondered whether her rustic cousin thought so? and when he took his leave, followed the example of her sister in giving him her hand.

"We are not a very demonstrative family," she observed, as Harold touched it slightly. Perhaps she felt something like regret at her former coldness, when she saw the affectionate warmth with which he took leave of Jane.

"You must invite him to *our* party," she whispered to her mother.

"Ridiculous! my love."

"But he sings so well."

Lady Mansell shook her head.

"And after all, he is our cousin."

"And your father's clerk," replied the worldly woman.

"Clerk!" repeated Georgina, to herself. "What have I been dreaming of? Clerk! Mamma is right—quite right. It would never do to introduce a clerk in our set. How the Herberts and Fitzgeorges would stare?"

"Well, young gentleman," observed the drysalter, as our hero was taking leave of the Rays and Rhimers in the hall, "where do you reside?"

"In Islington, sir."

"I go part of your way—set you down, if you like. Save you half-a-crown, at least."

"Thank you, sir, but——"

"But what?" demanded the old man, snappishly.

"I prefer walking," answered Harold, coolly, all hesitation of offending him vanishing at the tone, "and saving my half-crown that way."

"Very well, sir."

"Good night, Mr. Imray."

"Oh, good night," muttered Old Zac, as he stepped into the hackney-coach that had been waiting for him more than an hour at the door; for he kept no carriage of his own, and obstinately refused the use of the baronet's. "The puppy," he muttered to himself, as the lumbering vehicle rattled through the square; "he does not know how rich I am."

He was mistaken. Harold was perfectly aware of the fact from Sir Jasper Mansell, and the knowledge of it made him more independent.

He could do anything but crawl.

Islington in 1820 bore but slight resemblance to the Islington of the present day. Bricks and mortar had not yet done their worst; something of the rural character which once distinguished Charing Cross and May Fair remained. Shortly after quitting the Angel, the houses became detached, here and there a field intervened, then a cottage, next a dairy or farm.

The heart of our hero beat with excitement stronger than exercise, as he approached a long, low, rustic-looking building which stood a short distance from the main road, at the end of an extensive garden, and he fixed his eyes eagerly upon the windows of one of the lower rooms, in which lights were burning.

Before he could reach the house, the door opened, and two persons ran up the path to meet him. A third remained upon the threshold.

"Harry! dear Harry! Tom! Harold!" exclaimed the young men, simultaneously, as they shook hands and congratulated each other.

Farmer Mayfield, who had not made up his mind to a visit to London without sore misgiving, no longer repented of his journey when he witnessed their meeting.

"Thof Master Harold be a gentleman born, he do love Tom like a brother, that be sartin," said the old farmer to himself; "and he be worthy on it," he added, with paternal pride. "But I moin't leave him here for all that. What would missus say?"

This speech sounded very like that of a man trying to give himself courage to refuse something which he knew would be asked.

"I received your message before quitting

Lowelstree," exclaimed our hero, grasping the hand of his friend. "I knew you would not fail me."

"I should think not," replied Tom, "but we had hard play for it, hadn't we?"

Harry laughed outright at the recollection.

"Play for it!" repeated his cousin.

The young farmer described the adventure at Ailsea, the escape from the coach, pursuit, and the cricket-ball.

"You should have seen it," said the runaway, imitating the action of delivering a cricket-ball; "so beautifully delivered, and heard Joe Anvil's laugh; it rang like his own hammer, clearly and merrily over the hillside."

Harold smiled. It explained why Captain Riddle had looked so bilious when he saw him in the city.

CHAPTER VI.

> The wealth that bounteous fortune sends,
> As presents to her dearest friends,
> Too apt laid out upon a purchase
> Of two yards long in parish churches,
> And those, too, happy men that bought it
> Had lived, and happier, too, without it. BUTLER.

Mr. Zachariah Imray, as we observed in the preceding chapter, had never consented to change his abode on retiring from trade. With equal pertinacity he had refused to make the slightest alteration in his premises. The old house in Cannon street remained in exactly the same condition as when he inherited it from his father—the double counting-house and private office upon the ground floor, with underground kitchens and scullery, dingy drawing-room above, surmounted by three bed-rooms, and attics for the servants.

Not a chair or table had been changed; a few family portraits and a set of Hogarth's prints—Marriage-à-la-Mode—adorned the walls; and their owner preferred them to the most exquisite productions of either ancient or modern masters.

When we say that no change had been made, we are speaking, as Shakspeare says, by the card; an addition had been made too remarkable to be passed over.

In the back drawing-room stood a large oaken case, attached by iron cramps against the wall. Judging from appearances, it was very strongly made, the corners clasped with brass, neatly let into the doors, which opened from top to bottom, like a pair of folding ones.

Neither housekeeper, cook, nor man-servant, although they had lived upwards of thirty years in their master's service, had ever seen the contents. The former was of opinion that it was empty; in brushing the carpet she had struck the handle of the broom against it a hundred times at the very least, and it invariably sounded hollow. Mrs. Dripping suspected it to be full of money—a suggestion that never failed to provoke a grin upon the dry, withered features of Jarvis the butler, steward, footman, valet, and factotum of the retired dry-salter.

It was mid-day, and the sun poured with a sickly, lazy sort of light through the dusty windows, into the room where Mr. Zachariah Imray was seated, reading the morning papers, when a brisk ringing was heard at the door.

"Who can that be?" exclaimed the master of the house, petulantly, for the sound jarred upon his nerves.

"Can't be the post," replied the domestic, who was clearing away the remains of a late breakfast.

"Nor the boy for the papers," he added, drawing a heavy silver watch from his fob; "he does not come till one."

The ringing was repeated.

"Seems in a hurry," said Mr. Jarvis.

"Where is Mrs. Barton?" demanded Zac.

"At market."

"Cook, then?"

"Cook never answers the door," observed the old man, in the tone of a privileged person. "I'll see who is it myself."

Having carefully arranged everything upon the tray, and brushed the crumbs deliberately from the table-cover, he slowly quitted the room. The bell rang a third time; still Mr. Jarvis did not think proper to hurry himself—in fact, he never hurried himself, upon any occasion, or for any person, not excepting even his master.

In a few minutes the door of the drawing-room opened again, to usher in Harold Mansell. Something very like a smile, a cynical one, curled the thin lips of the old bachelor as he recognized him.

"He has heard how rich I am," mentally ejaculated Zachariah Imray.

"To what am I indebted for the honor of this visit?" he added aloud.

"Had you called it intrusion, sir, I suspect it would have been nearer your thought, sir," replied our hero, humiliated at the tone, and still more the smile, of the speaker.

"Perhaps so, young gentleman."

"I came at the request of Sir Jasper," added Harold, "very much against my own judgment, and still more strongly against my inclination, to wait upon you. He said it was a mark of respect due to you. In vain I represented to him that there was no relationship between us; that, like most rich men, you were suspicious of the motives of every being who approached you; that you judged mankind with a distorted judgment. My uncle insisted upon my visit; it was weak on my part to yield—better have offended him than compromised my self-respect by paying it. Accept my apologies, I shall never intrude again."

Before the speaker could reach the door, Mr. Zachariah Imray jumped from his chair, and grasped him warmly by the hand.

"You never can intrude," he exclaimed; "spoken like a man! just what I like! haven't heard so much truth for thirty years. I am suspicious. I do judge mankind with a distorted judgment.

"But it was not always so."

There was something in the tone in which the last words were pronounced that surprised his visitor more even than the sudden change in his manner and reception of him, and he regarded him earnestly.

"What are you thinking of, Harold? Allow me to call you by your name. Speak freely with me. I have lived so long in an atmosphere of lies, deceit, and affectation, that there is something inexpressibly fresh in the sound of truth."

"I was wondering whether you were serious, or amusing yourself with my inexperience; that is all, sir."

"I am not surprised at it," murmured the old man, sadly; "no doubt you have heard me strangely spoken of."

"By Sir Jasper and his family with the utmost respect; I might say veneration," observed Harold.

"No doubt," muttered Zachariah Imray, bitterly. "I am rich," he would have added, but the presence of the youth, with his open, manly countenance, beaming with truthfulness and confidence in human nature, restrained him.

"By all," added our hero, "as a man of unblemished integrity, but of singular disposition. If I have offended you, remember you provoked it."

"You have not offended me."

"If I have pained you, I regret it."

"You have pained me," said the old man; "but I thank you for it. It has done me good. I rarely give way to feelings of any kind, especially humanizing ones. On one point, at least, I am sincere—whenever you have an idle hour upon your hands, it will afford me pleasure to see you. And now," continued Mr. Imray, resuming his usual self-collected tone and manner, "let us speak of yourself. How do you think you will like a city life?"

"I can scarcely form an opinion yet," replied his visitor; "everything is so new to me. It was my dear father's wish I should accept the offer of Sir Jasper. Had my choice been left unfettered, I think I should have preferred a more active career."

"The army, for instance?"

"Yes, sir; or have gone to sea with poor Harry."

Despite the effort to suppress it, something very like a scowl flitted across the features of the retired drysalter at this allusion to his cousin. Harold noticed it, and determined to probe home still further, to ascertain, if possible, whether his feelings against the unoffending youth were as bitter as those of Sir Jasper Mansell.

"Perhaps you were not aware," he added, speaking aloud, "that we were brought up together?"

"Yes."

"And love each other like brothers?"

"That I was not aware of," replied Zachariah, hoarsely.

"I wish you had seen him," continued the youth; "I am sure you would have liked him. He bears your name, too! and—bless me, sir, are you ill? Shall I ring for assistance."

"No," gasped the old man, who had fallen back in his chair. "It is nothing—I frequently have these attacks, but they never last long. It is gone," he added, drawing a heavy breath; "quite gone. You were speaking of your cousin, I think?"

"Yes, sir, but it seemed to pain you."

"Pain me!" repeated Uncle Zac, with a smile. "Why should it pain me?—nothing of the kind. By-the-by, young gentleman, I have a question to ask, which I am sure you will answer truthfully."

"If I answer it at all," observed Harold.

"Did your father ever speak of me to you?"

"Never."

"Recollect yourself."

"*Never!*" repeated the young man, emphatically. "I could not have forgotten the circumstance. Till my arrival in London I never heard of your existence. Were you friends? That is impossible."

"Why so?" demanded Mr. Imray, suspiciously.

"My dear father would have named you to me had you been so," answered our hero. "He never forgot any one who loved him. But I have intruded too long upon your time," he added, rising to depart.

"I will not press your stay," observed the former; "call when you will, I shall be happy to receive you. Sir Jasper will be sure to question you on your return. Be as truthful as you please, but speak of me as little as possible."

"Sir!"

"It is not a lesson in deceit I am giving you," exclaimed the eccentric master of the house, "but of prudence, of the world, which appears very bright and sunshiny just now, and full of friends.

"Let the sun go down," he added, "and you will find how quickly the shadows—the friends I mean—disperse."

"Good morning, sir."

"Good morning," repeated the old bachelor. "Don't forget to come and see me."

"Both appear equally bitter against poor Harry," thought Harold Mansell, as he quitted the dingy old house in Cannon street. "What can be the motive?

"In Mr. Imray's case, it can't be money—they say he is worth millions."

As the speaker slowly pursued his way, thinking of these things, the drysalter regarded him from the dusty windows of his drawing-room.

"A fine-hearted lad," he muttered, "if Jasper does not succeed in spoiling him. He little imagines the pain he caused me. Umph! was he aware of it! were his frank looks and open speech a well-acted lie? did his father——

"No, no," he exclaimed, vehemently; "I will rend this habit of suspecting all that seems good and noble from my heart. It has deprived me of true enjoyments already."

He little knew how many.

Mr. Imray was perfectly right in supposing Sir Jasper Mansell would question his nephew respecting his visit to Cannon street. He was most minute in his inquiries; in fact, so much so, that it required all Harold's tact to avoid relating impressions as well as conversation.

"Why, you never told him of your objection to call!" exclaimed the banker, rubbing his hands.

"Indeed, uncle, but I did, when I found his manner of receiving me so offensive. He appeared to think I came to court him for his wealth."

"He has that thought, unfortunately, with every one but myself and family," observed the baronet.

His hearer could scarcely suppress a smile.

"He knows our disinterestedness, or what is better, that *we* do not want his money."

"And did you tell him why you objected to call upon him?"

"Yes."

"And what did the old—the old gentleman say?"

"He looked very angry, so I rose to depart."

"Never!" repeated his relative to himself; "the fool has spoilt his chance of a legacy, if he ever had one. Zac will never forgive him, after that."

By this mental calculation, our readers will perceive that the baronet's affection for his dear nephew was not quite so sincere as it at first appeared.

"There is nothing like being broken in harness in time," he observed; "sit down, Harold, and make an abstract of these letters."

Our hero placed himself at the desk opposite his uncle, and commenced his first experience in banking business.

In all probability, he would have acquitted himself much better had he not caught sight of old Mark Chambers seated in the little court-yard, his eyes fixed upon Sir Jasper with a dreamy expression. The head of Medusa could scarcely have produced a more singular expression—it completely fascinated him.

"Are your thoughts wool-gathering, Harold?" demanded the banker, jocularly.

The young man pointed with his pen to the object of his curiosity.

He rose from his chair, and, without uttering a word, pulled down the blind.

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.]

◆

SUPERSTITIONS OF GREAT MEN.—Most great men have been superstitious. The courier bringing a letter from England, in which the death of his old physician, Polidori, was stated, Lord Byron remarked: "I was convinced something unpleasant hung over me last night. I expected to hear that somebody I knew was dead: so it turns out. Who can help being superstitious? Scott believes in second-sight; Rousseau tried whether he would be damned or not by aiming at a tree with a stone; Goethe trusted to the chance of a knife's striking the water, whether he was to succeed in some undertaking. Swift placed the success of his life on the drawing a trout he had hooked out of the water."

THE SAFEGUARD.

BY DR. S. COMPTON SMITH.

That offices of disinterested kindness do not go unrequited, even when bestowed upon an enemy, is happily illustrated in the following real incident, which was related to me by my friend, Surgeon S——e, of one of the Kentucky regiments, in our memorable campaign in Mexico.

"You remember," he commenced, "that after our little army entered in quiet possession of the city of Monterey, we surgeons had our hands full for a few weeks, in attendance upon the wounded of our brave fellows.

"Notwithstanding, most of us found opportunities occasionally to leave our crowded hospitals, to render professional services to the many wounded Mexican officers and soldiers we found among the families that were not afraid to trust themselves to the protection of the 'Northern Barbarians,' after the withdrawal of Ampudia's rabble army.

"One morning, I think it was the third after our entrance, and while yet the streets and alleys were strange to me, I had taken a new route from my quarters, near the 'plaza grande,' to the hospital, where I had that forenoon several important operations to perform. For some time I wandered through the streets without being able to find that in which was situated the old church, which we had appropriated for our sick. But as I yet had nearly an hour to spare before the arrival of a brother surgeon I expected would meet me at the hospital, I walked leisurely along, deeply occupied in examining the novel styles of architecture, which walled up the sides of the narrow streets. The parti-colored lacquered fronts of the houses, with their huge windows, protected only from the narrow side-walk by iron lattice-work and the wide oaken *post cocheries*, were so unlike anything I had ever seen, that several times I found myself standing in the quiet street, and gazing like an idle school-boy about me.

"From one of these wrapt inspections I was aroused by a soft, childish voice bidding me a cheerful '*buenas dias*;'—and a little girl advancing from one of the entrances of a large dwelling opposite, in an appealing manner begged me to accompany her to the house.

"I did so. We passed through the great outer court, which is found in all better class Mexican dwellings, and then through a long, pillared gallery to an inner room, where stretched upon a leathern couch lay a wounded person. That he was wounded was very evident, from a peculiar odor about the place, which you know any surgeon can readily detect.

"As I approached the bed, the wounded man reached forth his hand, and in a feeble voice expressed his pleasure at my arrival. 'If I mistake not,' said he, 'you are a medical officer of the Americanos?'

"'I am,' I replied, as I pressed the hand of the speaker, 'and it will make me happy, Señor, to render you my professional service, should you desire it.'

"'Thank you, Señor Surgeon,' answered the invalid; 'it was with that hope that on hearing you were in the street I sent the child to you.'

"'You are wounded?' I asked.

"'Si, Señor!—I believe my right leg has been rather badly shattered by some of your too well-directed bullets,' he answered, with a tone of voice intended to be cheerful, in spite of the pain he was evidently suffering.

"'Permit me to examine it,' said I, as I removed the bed-clothing; and carefully unrolling the unprofessionally applied dressings, I found an ugly wound, which had apparently been made by a large masked ball, or grape shot. The tibia had been severely splintered, and on passing the probe I perceived that the ball still remained in contact with the tibial nerve, causing the patient excessive suffering.

"'What think you, Señor Doctor,' he asked, as I raised myself a moment from the examination, 'shall I have to part with the limb?'

"'I hope not, my friend,' I replied, and I endeavored to withdraw his attention from the pain he was enduring by my cheerful prognosis—while with a rapid motion I succeeded in extracting the offending body, and re-applied the dressing.

"Experiencing instant relief from the simple operation, the officer, for such he was, could not sufficiently express his gratitude. But promising to call upon him again in a few hours I left him, and encountering one of our men in the street, soon found my way to the hospital, where my friend awaited me.

"Daily, for several weeks, I remained in attendance upon the Mexican, and finally dismissed him entirely recovered, without so much even as a limp in the wounded limb.

"Some months after this, you will recollect, my regiment was ordered to accompany the general to Victoria, where it was reported the enemy was about to concentrate his forces. It proved, however, only a false rumor; and after being garrisoned there about a week, the Kentuckians were once more directed to take up their old quarters again in Monterey.

"I had gone with my regiment; but scarcely had we entered the place than I received a special dispatch from my colonel, whom we had left behind, too sick to accompany his command. His disease had suddenly assumed a dangerous character; and as I had been his family physician at home, he now earnestly requested my immediate return to Monterey.

"Knowing the imminent necessity the good general was in for every man of his little force who could lift a musket, I could not ask for an escort on my return. I merely stated the nature of Colonel M.'s message to me, and obtained leave of absence; and with only my servant determined to retrace the road we had just before passed over.

"I had made a temporary stopping place at a French 'café,' in the main plaza, till I could find suitable quarters; and here, by chance, happened to meet Don Gregorio, the Mexican officer, whose wound I had cured some months before.

"He was a tall, remarkably handsome man, of pure Castilian descent; and so changed was he from the feeble, pain-worn invalid I first knew him, that I should not have recognized him, had he not come up to me, and giving me his hand with much evident satisfaction at the meeting, addressed me by name, and reminded me that he had once been my patient.

"Seeing, on the following morning, that my horse was saddled, and my servant as if preparing for a journey, Don Gregorio approached me, and in a very gentlemanly manner, and at the same time with a tone that expressed the great interest he took in my answer, inquired:

"'Señor Doctor, may I make bold to ask you which way you are travelling?'

"'Most certainly, my friend,' I answered; 'my road leads me back to Monterey.'

"The Mexican shook his head, and said he was extremely sorry for that.

"'But, really, my good Doctor, you do not intend to travel without an escort, do you?'

"'Yes,' I replied. 'We are familiar with the road; and we know from the reports of our scouts that there is little danger from your people to apprehend.'

"'Your scouts are not to be depended upon,' was the answer, 'for I assure you that the mountain passes are at this moment occupied by Canalles' guerillas, whom he has recently ordered to occupy all the available points between here and Monterey. Therefore, my friend, take the advice of one who owes you, perhaps, his life—at least, health and a sound limb—and defer your journey till your general will grant you a sufficient escort to prevent an attack.'

"'But, Señor,' said I, 'my business will not admit of delay; for it may be the life of a dear friend depends upon my arriving at Monterey as soon as possible;' and then I explained to the Mexican the nature of the dispatch I had received from my colonel.

"'This is really bad,' said Don Gregorio; 'but take my word for it, you will not pass the mountains to-day without being robbed, even if you escape with life.'

"'You forget, perhaps, my good friend, that I am mounted on a swift and sure-footed animal; and, besides,' said I, showing him a pair of six-shooting pistols, that never missed fire, 'these little barkers are better than a dozen body guards.'

"Again the Mexican shook his head, and for some moments remaining silent, seemed to be musing to himself.

"I now called upon my servant, and bade him mount; and after riding to the outskirts of the city, to await my coming at a certain point which I indicated.

"'Not yet, Señor—not yet, if you please. Listen, and I will tell you what occurred to me once—in fact, it was but a few days ago, on that very same road that you intend to travel to-day,' said my companion. 'My business, like yours, was urgent; and even then the mountain passes were held by guerillas, who on occasions act only as robbers—for its only your people whose lives they will take; to their credit be it said, they are neither cowardly nor bloodthirsty. Well, I had but little money, and I said they would be welcome to that, so that I was not detained in the road; and so I sallied forth alone. But as I left the city gate, a solitary horseman rode up to me, and inquired which road I intended to travel upon. His manner was frank and honest, and so I pointed out the direction I meant to go.

"'But you cannot travel that road,' said he; ''tis beset by robbers.'

"'I know it, but I must run the risk,' said I.

"'Well, then,' said the stranger, 'there was once a time when I did the captain of that same band a signal service. In fact, I saved his life, so he was pleased to say, and he gave me a pass, which, he said, would command me the respect of the bandeleros, and protect my person and property as if it were under the lock of the blessed church. This pass, he said, would enable me, and whoever might chance to travel with me, to pass all the occupied points of the road in perfect safety; no one would offer me the least hindrence."

"'Oh! Don Gregorio,' said I 'that must have been a wonderful talisman! Equal, no doubt, to the signet rings of old kings we read of in ancient stories! Pray, what could it have been?' I asked, laughingly; 'and did it carry you safely through the robbers, since you admit your guerillas are nothing more?'

"Nothing offended by this interruption, the Mexican put his hand into his pocket, and after searching for some moments, drew from the corner of it a small silver coin, on both sides of which had been stamped certain curious initials, which it was difficult to decipher. This he placed in my hand, saying:

"'There it is, Señor *Cerrigano*, just as I received it from the hand of the strange horseman. Be careful of it, and preserve it as you would your own life. Should you be arrested by the people you will be sure to meet on your road, present it. It is all you require.'

"My curiosity was excited, and I asked:

"'Were you really attacked on your journey, Don Gregorio?'

"The Mexican could not refrain a smile as he answered:

"'The coin was respected by all I met; and I am certain I came in contact with the entire band, at various passes in the mountains. To-day, my friend, you will see that the bit of silver has not yet lost its charms. So now, *mi amigo, adios*, and may you go in a good hour, and the saints keep you in their hands;' and warmly embracing me, my whilom patient left me standing alone by the side of my horse.

"I dropped the piece of money into my leathern purse; and, settling with the landlord of the *café*, mounted and rejoined my servant. In a few minutes we had left the town behind; and as we rode along, I could think of nothing but my singular interview with the Mexican. Aside from my slight acquaintance with him as a patient, I knew nothing about him; even his name, save that of Don Gregorio, which I had heard him called by the family in whose house I had first met him, was unknown to me; I had, however, heard that he held a commission in the Mexican army; but what that commission was I had not been informed. In fact, had I ascertained for a certainty that he belonged to the forces of the enemy, I would in strict duty have been obliged to have entered his name on my sick reports as such. I, therefore, out of regard to his helpless position, refrained from making any inquiries respecting my patient. But I was now convinced if there were really any virtue in the 'pass' he had given me, (and I did not in the least doubt it,) he must certainly be a person of no small consideration with the guerillas.

"Revolving this matter in my mind, I rode along leisurely till the middle of the day, when we began to ascend into the first pass of the sierra. My attention was now entirely absorbed by the wild scenery about me. The road appeared entirely deserted; I had not encountered a ranchero or muleteer since leaving the plain. Mikey Culevan, my servant, was in the advance, when, as we came to a point in the pass, overhung by jutting rocks, he suddenly drew rein, and, with considerable excitement expressed upon his honest face, motioned me to join him.

"'Be jabers, sir, I don't like the appearance of things here entirely!'

"'How so, Mike?' I inquired, 'what discovery have you made?'

"'By mi soul, sir, it's miself believes there's greasers about, sir!'

"Hardly had the man spoken when we heard persons calling to each other among the rocks.

"'They're infernal *Americans!*' I heard a voice say.

"'How strong is the party?' asked another, at a little distance.

"'There are but two of them!' was the answer.

"'Good!' was the reply.

"And the next moment three ugly-looking, leathern-clad Mexicans presented themselves in the road before us, and ordered us to halt and dismount. But this unceremonious order Mikey had no more intention to obey than myself; for, before I could draw one of my revolvers, the brave, reckless Irishman levelled his pistol, and stretched one of the robbers dead upon the road; leaving the other two for me to despatch. So sudden and unexpected was the attack, that Gregorio and his silver talisman were driven entirely from my thoughts; for, under these circumstances, the coolest heads will become confused; and I will confess, I was in no slight degree excited.

"The rocks instantly became alive with armed men, who, maddened by the death of their comrades, poured forth a volley of carbine shots upon us. My gallant Virginian fell under me; and I was horrified at seeing my faithful, brave Mike stretched a corpse by the side of his own nag.

"My blood was now up, and I determined to yield only with life. With fierce imprecations, the guerillas, or robbers, now descended from their hiding-places from all directions about me, and surrounding me, at a respectful distance, however, for they perceived I was well armed, ordered me to surrender. I replied with my revolver, which I soon emptied, and was about to draw the other when a carbine shot struck my right arm, and it fell paralyzed by my side. Before I could recover my pistol with my left hand, one of the brigands leaped upon me from behind, and with the breech of his gun stretched me helpless upon the ground.

"In another instant I found myself bound, and bleeding profusely, dragged from the path. In fact, the guerillas were so eager to rifle my person, that they did not take time to murder me first.

"While some were unbuckling my silver spurs, others were turning my pockets inside out for their contents. My purse was well filled, for on leaving Monterey I had called upon the paymaster, and drawn three months' pay. The sight of this gold perhaps saved my life, and as one of the Mexicans emptied it upon his outspread handkerchief he uttered an exclamation of pleasure, which drew the attention of his comrades from me to the yellow pile.

"'But *Madre di Dios!*' exclaimed one of the men, 'what is this?' and then turning my face towards them, I perceived the fellow holding a small silver coin between the thumb and forefinger, so that the rest of them might see it. I was instantly reminded of the coin my friend had given me.

"'It's the *salvaguardia del Capitan!*' (the captain's safeguard) they all cried; while the gold was scrupulously gathered up and returned to its leathern receptacle.

"The change in the bearing of the guerillas was now as sudden as the discovery of the silver, for fortunately it happened to be the only money of that denomination in my possession.

"'*Por el armor de Dios!* Senor, why did you not tell us before you were the owner of this *pasaporte?* It would have saved you from *this*—and *this*—and *that!*' said one of the guerillas, who appeared to be a sort of leader, as he restored the purse, and pointed first to my shattered arm and then to the body of poor Mikey, and the lifeless horses; 'and that also,' he continued, as he directed his glance towards his dead comrades.

"I was now unbound, and with many regrets at what had occurred, the guerillas dressed my wound as well as they could under the circumstances, and presenting me with a horse, assisted me to mount him; and after proceeding about a league and a half, arrived at a substantially built rancho, where I was requested to alight.

"To my surprise, the first person I met, on doing so, was my old patient, Don Gregorio. He appeared disconcerted at my wretched appearance, and after leading me carefully to the house, turned to his men for an explanation. This was soon given.

"'Ah, señor!' said he, 'I assure you you cannot regret this unfortunate affair so much as I. Had you used the precaution I advised, all this would have been avoided.'

"The guerilla chief, for such indeed was Don Gregorio, exerted himself to the utmost to make my situation as comfortable as possible. After a good dinner, which, wounded and faint from loss of blood, as I was, I did justice to, my friend explained the reason of his presence at the rancho.

"'I was somewhat doubtful of your prudence,' said he, 'and so, after we parted at the *café*, I mounted, and taking a nearer route across the sierra, hoped to intercept you before you should encounter any of my men. I was not aware, till your arrival, that they had advanced so soon to the first mountain pass. But I thank the Holy Virgin it has resulted no worse.'

"After a few days, during which I was attended with the utmost kindness, and my wound carefully dressed, I found myself able to proceed on my journey.

"Don Gregorio insisted upon my acceptance of a beautiful horse, a much finer animal even than I had lost; nor would he leave me till he had safely escorted me within sight of the towers of Monterey.

"On his bidding me good-bye, I thanked him for his generous conduct, and proposed to return to him the magic coin.

"'No, no, mi amigo!—keep it,' said he. 'Should it ever again be your misfortune to fall in with any of our *irregular forces*, a judicious use of it might be of service to you. *Adios!*'

"And here," concluded the doctor, "is that precious bit of silver! I have never since had occasion to test its virtues. But I shall ever retain it as a memento of the friendly Mexican, whom, I regret to say, I have not encountered since that day."

◆

"BE TENDER-HEARTED."

I wish it was as easy for me to obey every command of God, as it is to obey that one. How excellent I should then be!

But there are so many causes operating to render us tender-hearted, that we should be wretches indeed to grow hard and pitiless. There are a hundred reasons for tenderness where there is *one* for hardness. Even towards our enemies, towards them that despitefully use us and persecute us we have *much* more reason to be tender than to be stern. For every human heart *must* often ache and suffer, and every human creature must fall and die and crumble away to dust. Is it not pitiful? Look on your enemy—he may have done you the most horrid wrong, but, unless *you* have done wrong, that can effect you but a little while, for soon you will go where the wicked can no longer trouble; now consider *him*. His eyes may be bold and bright, and his steps firm; he may carry himself proudly, conscious of health and wealth; *he* don't think that he shall die, he knows other people must; but it is not *real* to him that he too must pay the debt of nature; you know, however, that his time must come—that even now it hastens; you know, too, that between now and then his bosom will be wrung with many throes of anguish, that disappointment and anguish and shame may seize upon him at any hour, or that, by and by, his poor face will change, his helpless frame be laid away in the earth, and his soul be gone to its account. Do not hate your enemy, your oppressor, your taskmaster; remember all his danger; remember his mortality—*pity* him.

It is sad to watch the faces in the street—so few of them are happy faces. Don't it make you tender-hearted to see them come and go? Poor faces! young, middle-aged, old, and almost every one of them heavily clouded. Perhaps it *is* their own fault that they are so scored by care and anxiety; but for that very reason pity them all the more. Poor human faces! so much weariness and trouble there! and so many traces of passion and of sin. The faces of the rich are seldom happy, and the faces of the poor are haggard and desponding. Even the small number of faces on which shine a cheery light make one tender-hearted. As we pass them we bless them in our thoughts, and pray, silently:

"Take them not out of the world; but *keep them from the evil.*" M.

IDA LEE.

BY FINLEY JOHNSON.

'Twas on a summer's sunny day,
When nature laughed in glee,
I met within the forest's depths,
My gentle Ida Lee;
The rose's hue was on her cheeks,
Her heart was free from guile;
She was in truth all innocence,
A fairy, God-like child.

Again, we met, and in our hearts
Love's plant had sprung to birth,
She was to me the dearest gem
That shone upon the earth;
We parted—and for two long years,
I roamed the trackless sea,
And then returned unto the spot
To meet my Ida Lee.

She was not there—an angel hand
Had seen the lovely flower,
And thinking it too fair for earth,
Took her to heaven's bower;
And though the forest had not changed,
It had no charms for me,
My every joy was centred in
My dear, lost Ida Lee.

MY FRIEND AT LAUREL VALE.

BY MARY W. STANLEY GIBSON.

> Said the king to the Countess of Castlemain,
> Shall I kiss your ladyship once again?—
> Again and again and again, said she,
> And as oft as it pleases your majesty. **Old Ballad.**

Eight years ago, when I first took the gray goose quill into my hand, (alas, what reams of nonsense it has given birth to since!) I belonged to a "Mutual Admiration Society," *my* chief admirer being the "gifted young poetess," (so the papers called her,) Miss Bertha Camilla Rose.

I have forgotten exactly how our acquaintance commenced. I believe it was some unaccountably silly "poem" (Heaven save the mark!) of my own that drew forth her first letter. At all events, it was handed to me by my lord and master, as I sat opposite to him at the breakfast table, unromantically discussing sardines, bread and butter, and coffee, and struck me dumb by its musky flavor, the fineness of its paper, the elegance of its penmanship, and the romantic terms in which it was couched. Miss Bertha Camilla Rose "wondered how she had existed so long without knowing and loving me—she was sure she could exist no longer—she yearned to embrace me—to fold me to her beating heart—to look into my 'glorious eyes,' (ahem!) and to watch there the exhalations of that fervid genius, whose true and only home was in the skies. She was a lonely creature—the rude world could never understand her—she should sink into an early grave—and better so—aye, better—since she had only found false hearts and hollow smiles on every side. In the grave, at least, there was rest and peace for all. But before she closed her weary eyes, she should like to meet my own—to grasp my hand, and pour out her full heart at my feet, that when we met in the land of rest and peace, we might know and love each other, even as we might have done on earth, had it been a happier place. She was going—she felt the decay inwardly—the springs of life were failing fast—but oh! to embrace me once—oh! to say, 'Sister—sweet sister of my soul,' before they were quite dry!"

Such was the sum total of the letter, and I looked so utterly aghast as I finished it, that my husband, Charles Peter Bell, (a descendant of Wordsworth's friend, and no admirer of yellow primroses,) set down his unfinished cup of coffee, and asked what was the matter.

"So young, so gifted, and yet to die!" I said, burying my face in my handkerchief, and pushing the letter towards him. He read it, and gave a long, low whistle. My correspondence usually made him laugh till he was black in the face, (the unfeeling thing!) but now for a wonder he was quite sedate. "She seems to be in a bad way, poor thing," he said thoughtfully. "Should you like to go and visit her."

I was not quite eighteen, but then I had been married a year, and I knew the way in which pigs are generally taken to market—(*i. e.*,) by starting them in a different direction from which they are to go. (This is only an incidental remark, and has no connection either with Mr. Bell or the story.) I stirred my coffee, and wiped my eyes, and said perhaps I had better not go just yet.

"You must be beside yourself," said Mr. Bell, testily; "if you think she is so far gone, you had better write at once and tell her you are coming. Go and stay a few days, it seems a pity not to let dying people have all they want."

"If you think it best—" I said, meekly.

"Of course I do, Mrs. Bell; and I expect you, as a dutiful wife, to obey me at once. I will go with you to the station myself, and I think you had better set off to-morrow; she names that day in her postcript; so just drop her a line to say you will be there, and then go and pack up your furbelows."

He strutted off with his hands in his coat-pockets, and the air of a conquering hero; and I, to my praise be it said, did not "sit and grin," but went up and wrote the line to Bertha Camilla, saying that I "should not know one moment's peace till I had clasped her in my arms, and felt her lips meeting mine," and that "she might expect me at six o'clock the next afternoon, if that inexorable Fate, which had heretofore dashed every cup of joy from my lips, did not prevent our rapturous meeting," &c., &c. For it must be fully understood that I was quite as lachrymose on paper as any one could possibly be, and my stories were full of "sighs from the depths of some divine despair," and touching allusions to a destiny so heart-rending that it had, of necessity, to be kept a profound secret, lest all mankind should weep themselves away in sheer pity. I often laugh over those early attempts of mine, and the best of it is that they were, some of them, penned in sad and sober earnest.

The packing of my trunk for "Laurel Vale" was an artistic piece of business, to which much time and thought were given. I could take no gay fripperies when I was going to watch beside a sick bed; and jewels and wreaths would ill suit the brow of her to whom the world was but a desert way. Grave, simple and severe should be my costume; it should betoken both the innocence of a heart that had kept itself pure, and the experience of a soul which had learned too early the falsity of the world, and the unsatisfying nature of its joys. I am not going to say of what that wardrobe consisted—its effect is all that need be considered. Let it suffice that I was armed and equipped at all points for the campaign, when at five o'clock the next day I stepped from the cars upon the platform of P—— station, the town in whose suburbs Bertha Camilla lived.

My "heart was beating rarely," as I looked around in search of some of the inmates of Laurel Vale. A pretty little covered carriage, with a bright bay horse, stood at the door; and while I was trying to make friends with the animal, I heard a good-natured voice behind me say:

"Eh, don't be afraid of him; he wouldn't bite a lady any sooner than—than I would."

I turned, and saw a stout, handsome farmer, about fifty years of age, playing with his long whip, and looking complacently at my attempts to caress the pretty creature.

"I suppose you are the young lady," he said, with a smile, as he made a bow that would not have disgraced Lord Chesterfield, "Bertha Camilla told me you would come to-day, and I have been down here ever since two o'clock, watching the trains."

"Are you her father?" I asked, as we shook hands.

"So my wife has always told me," he said, with a comical smile. "They will be delighted to see you up at the house. Bertha Camilla would have come to see you, only she has got some company."

"Dear me. I should think that was bad for her, as she is not well."

"Oh, never fear; it is only a young gentleman from the University; and, I may as well tell you at once, that they are engaged. I never knew a girl too ill to make love yet; did you?"

I smiled, and having seen my own small trunk safely strapped on the rack of the carriage, took my seat, and we drove through lovely shaded roads to Laurel Vale. It was a pretty place—just the home for a poetess, and I sighed as I thought how, if it was not for Mr. Bell, Bertha Camilla and I might spend many happy months together there, like the ladies of Llangollen—or perhaps years, if her life was spared. Before I could knock the door was thrown open, a very musical voice cried out—"It is—it is my friend," and I was "folded in an embrace" which was certainly stronger than I could have expected from a dying person, and led into a pretty little parlor, hung with pictures, strewn with books, and having two occupants, a young gentleman and an elderly lady, who both rose as I entered, and came forward to meet me. The one was Bertha Camilla's mother—a fair, gentle little woman, with a sweet voice and quiet manner, who helped me lay aside my things, and then left the room to prepare tea—the other, a tall and somewhat elegant, though very stiff personage, dressed in the extreme of dandyism, looking terribly well satisfied with himself, yet evidently nervous about the color of his hair, which was—yes, I must confess it—red! This was the fortunate lover, and, as I afterwards discovered, about the nine hundred and sixty-fifth who had held that post of honor since the poetess had arrived at years of discretion.

And Bertha Camilla herself—the interesting invalid, the ill-used and unappreciated damsel, whose springs of life were failing fast—what of her? I never was more astonished in my life than when I took a good survey of her. Certainly she was exceedingly unlike my ideal. She was quite short, and as plump as a partridge, with the fullest of busts, the roundest of arms, and hands and feet to match. Her complexion was rather dark, and not very good; her forehead low, but pretty; her hair brown and abundant; her mouth full, and of the kind called "kissable;" her eyes, beautiful and bewitching, of a hue between the deepest brown and the darkest gray, with long, black lashes that swept her crimson cheeks. As for her manner, it was caressing, seductive, bewildering—everything that would make a man mad and a woman jealous, in case the man happened to be her own exclusive property. She was dressed in a bright colored *barege* that suited her well; she wore ear-rings, a bracelet, and pearl brooch; two or three rings glittered on her left hand, and she had some crimson geranium blossoms in her hair. I sat in my plain gray travelling dress, mute, yet wanting to laugh, as the ideal and the real presented themselves in my mind's eye, side by side.

We went out to tea, which was a second meal expressly for my benefit. The others had already eaten, and Mr. Ambrose Lyle, the collegian, strolled out for a walk, when we left him. We halted a moment by the open front door, and looked out upon the quiet scene. Then Bertha Camilla sighed and looked at me.

"You are so very tall," she said pathetically.

And you so very short—I had nearly said, but I bit my lip and answered—

"Yes—I am of the greyhound breed—long and lean."

"And married already! I can hardly believe it."

"It is a fact, however," I said with a slight grimace.

"Why you are a year younger than I. Did you marry for love—and is your husband very handsome?"

It was rather a sore subject—for my marriage had been a most unromantic and matter of fact one—arranged by my family and consented to on my part, simply because it pleased them. I could answer the last query, however, and said evasively that I believed the ladies considered Mr. Bell very fine looking. Another sigh on the part of Bertha Camilla, and then we went into the dining room and had tea.

It was the most ludicrous meeting imaginable—I had not read Miss Edgeworth's story of "L'Amie Inconnue" then, or I should have known at once what to compare it to. Bertha Camilla looked in most excellent case, and I grinned internally when I thought how I would punish Mr. Bell for the rather suspicious interest he had taken in her—I was exceedingly hungry after my journey, and ate and drank enough directly under her nose, to destroy the effect of any romantic tales I might afterwards write—in short, we were mutually surprised—but with more wisdom than we had shown before, kept our opinions to ourselves, and made the best of the matter. We spent the evening together very pleasantly. Mr. Lyle, who was also infected with the disease of romance, roamed up and down before the open windows in the moonlight, and threw himself into striking attitudes, as he leaned over the garden fence; but finding it all lost, at least upon me, came in, and sitting gloomily in the corner, read Festus by the light of a study lamp, frowning and biting his lips at the most terrific passages. I remembered my "young days," and leaving the lovers together, sought out good Mrs. Rose in the dining room, and made acquaintance with a splendid Newfoundland dog, that lay at her feet, with a face sensible enough for a judge. Mr. Rose came in soon after, and we chatted merrily till the clock struck ten. I found them both exceedingly proud of their daughter, and quite willing to turn the house out of the windows, if she desired it—yet pretty little Mrs. Rose sighed when I spoke of Ambrose Lyle, and asked when the marriage was to take place. She did not know—nothing was settled yet, and he was not out of college. Bertha Camilla would soon make up her mind, she had received a great deal of attention, and that, as Mrs. Bell knew, was a bad thing for so young a girl—but she hoped—and in short if Frank Clifton would only keep away—perhaps Mrs. Bell might be able to put an end to that intimacy, which could do no possible good, since both parties were engaged, and might do much harm.

I saw it all at a glance—in spite of her timid, hesitating way, Miss Bertha Camilla had been an arrant flirt, (indeed she told me so, like an honest girl, not three days afterwards,) and the anxious mother looked on, and grieved. Evidently Ambrose Lyle was not the man she would have chosen for a son-in-law, but she would accept him, so her child was pleased, and would give up her teasing ways. I inwardly resolved to help her if I could—and as for Master Frank Clifton, whoever he might be, it would go hard with me if I did not contrive to put a check upon his courtship—at least for the time I staid. There is nothing like a good resolution for making one virtuosly sleepy, and when I had got so far in my mental cogitations, I rose to go, and having shaken hands with Mr. Rose, and the great dog, I bade them an equally kind good night, and followed Mrs. Rose to the room which I was to share with Bertha Camilla, according to her expressed wish. She left me, and I closed the door behind me. It was a little bower of a place—nothing that the refined taste of the child could imagine, or the loving care of the parents supply, was wanting. It was puzzling enough when I thought it all over—the kind father, the indulgent mother—the pretty home of which she was the undisputed mistress—the carriage, the horse—the big dog, (no small item in my eyes,)—the flowers and the books—and to sum up, with what I suppose was very important—to *her*—the lover; it was puzzling enough to remember her doleful poems, and her still more doleful letter, and to recall what she had said about "the false world and its hollow hearts," &c.

"Pish!" I exclaimed, "the girl is mad! It would be well for her, and perhaps for all the rest of us, if we had something to cry out for, till we learn to value the blessings we really have." And with a kind thought for the absent Charles Peter (I had sometimes fancied him one of my trials, I am sorry to say,) I laid my head on the pillow, and did not awake till the sun was high in the heavens the next morning. Bertha Camilla had risen to see her lover start for his college home. Nobody missed him much I fancy. I am sure I did not, and I caught Mrs. Rose singing merrily in the kitchen that morning, as if she was not utterly inconsolable. Bertha Camilla went to her room, and flung herself upon the bed, according to the most approved style of a heroine; but I followed her, and gave her no chance to manufacture a tear. Who was going to cry for a red-haired lover? I dragged her off instead, for a long walk through the elm-groves, and at the present day I am sure she would say it was the most sensible thing I could have done.

Somehow the two "poetesses" did not talk so kindly to each other as they might have done. I have often wondered why this was, and can give but one reason now. I think, perhaps, that Bertha Camilla was more real than I. She was truly romantic. I seemed to be so, but I was only adventurous. Nature intended me for a Grace Darling, or a Maid of Saragossa, I am sure. I could have stormed a breach, or manned a life-boat with either of them. Danger was my element—guns, pistols, and swords my favorite playthings when I could light upon them. Fate took them quietly out of my hands, and filling the vacancy with a pen, gave me a push, and bade me "go about my business," and I obeyed as best I could, feeling miserably out of place all the while. Not so with my friend. She was christened with ink I fancy; she took to it as naturally as a duck takes to water, and never was happier than when she was sighing her soul away over a ream of paper, or a bundle of proof-sheets. When I sprang up from my desk and finished task with an audible "thank God," and ran races up and down the woods and through the fallen leaves with the big dog, from pure joy at being released, her eyes would follow me wonderingly and then settle with relief again upon the page before her. She thought me vulgar "when I rode in the great ox carts" and grafted apples "with one of the servant men;" "mad" was the mildest verdict she would have pronounced when I discharged an old Revolutionary rifle in the garden, and nearly knocked myself into the next world thereby; and if I had been asked and encouraged to give my candid opinion of her, I should have probably called her a "muff." But we have both grown wiser now, and wish no longer that the whole world should be cut and measured according to our own pattern.

The days of my visit were drawing to a close, when, as I came in from a long walk one bright morning, I met Bertha Camilla at the gate with a radiant face.

"I have something glorious to tell you," she exclaimed.

"What is it? Have you heard again from Mr. Lyle?"

"Hem—no—not exactly," she said, with rather an embarrassed look.

"Well, what then?"

"He has not written since yesterday morning."

"How can you exist without hearing from the dear youth every day puzzles me," I said, patting Carlo's head, and sighing sentimentally.

"Pshaw! I am sure you never hear from Mr. Bell more than once a week, and as for writing to him——!"

"My dear, that is quite a different affair, and when you have been married a year you will find it out. Where is the good of writing to a man who will only take your letter to light his cigar with, and perhaps, as once happened to my better half, without having remembered to read it first."

She looked up with a face of horror.

"Oh, my dear, you cannot mean it!"

"I assure you I do. I wrote him *such* a touching letter once—to tell the truth, I had a terrible milliner's bill to pay, and thought it best to be a little civil—and if the man did not actually burn it—'accidentally,' you know—and when I came home he had quite forgotten that he ever received it. Since then I have never troubled myself to go out of my way in writing to him. My letter last week was only four lines and a half, and he likes that style exceedingly—says there is 'no nonsense' about it, etc."

"Oh, the brute!"

"No, my dear, he is only a man—and a very sensible one, as times go. And now tell me what this glorious news is."

"It is—it is—only that Frank Clifton has been to P——, and he was at the University yesterday, and saw Mr. Lyle, who asked to be remembered to us all, especially to you. I think I shall get jealous."

"Perhaps you will not be the only one to do so," I said, drily, and the color flew up into her face at once, and she turned her head away, meaning that she did not quite understand me. I saw I was in for delivering a lecture, and settled myself against the gate very comfortably.

"Bertha Camilla, men are never honest with women—women are never honest with men—ergo, each sex should be honest among themselves. Do you see? Whether one man is honest with another or not, is not our affair; but you and I——"

"Oh, proceed—we are honesty itself, both of us."

"We must be—just now at all events," I said, looking at her steadily. "Your mother told me about Frank Clifton the very day I came, and begged me to put a stop to your flirtation with him if I could. I did not promise to do anything—at the same time I made my own resolution. But I don't like Ambrose Lyle—you know that well enough, and if you cared very much for him, Frank Clifton would not be here to-day. Now, tell me, honestly, which is nearest your heart?"

"Frank!" she said, with a smile.

"Well, I shall make something of you, at this rate. Is he worth loving?"

"Wait and see."

"Do you mean to marry him?"

"Ah! what shall I do with poor Ambrose."

"No nonsense, no trifling. Tell me the truth. Write a letter to Ambrose, your golden-haired youth, to-day. Tell him you have done with him; and then tell Frank Clifton the same, like an honest girl, and I will help you all I can."

"And if I don't do this."

"Then I declare I will tell him the whole story myself, and if he has any brains about him, he will walk off, and leave you at once."

She thought a moment, balancing her head daintily on one side, her dark eyes smiling through their lashes.

"Wait a bit; let me manage things in my own way, and I promise to take your advice."

"You will give up Ambrose—you will take Frank," I said, holding out my hand.

"Yes; and the laughing eyes were bent full upon me, as she put hers in it.

"Then I will do my best for you. Good luck go with you."

She danced away to dress; and, calling my dog, I went in and took my dinner alone, and then shut myself up in my room to read. The book I had was exceedingly interesting, but the day was hot. I had walked a long way, and eaten a hearty dinner, so at last the volume slid gently out of my hand; and leaning my head against the back of my easy-chair, I took a little nap; from which I was roused by a shake, and opening my eyes, I saw little Mrs. Rose standing over me with a face of positive distress.

"Oh, my dear," she exclaimed, "will you ever forgive me for waking you? I could not help it; the fact is, Frank Clifton has come, and if you *could* only go down into the parlor, you don't know how glad I should be."

"Certainly. I will play dragon for you with the greatest pleasure," I said, getting up and going to the toilet-table. "But, Mrs. Rose, is this gentleman so very objectionable?"

"Oh, no—he is a fine fellow—I wish with all my heart Bertha Camilla had chosen *him!* But then, where is the good of wishing?"

It was very evident Bertha Camilla would meet with no opposition, if Mr. Ambrose Lyle could be prevailed upon to set her free. I fastened a damask rose in my hair, took up my book, and looking as "literary" as possible, went down to the parlor.

My first glance at the parties convinced me that they had made good use of the time consumed in my nap. Bertha Camilla sat at her writing-desk, tying up a packet of letters, (poor Ambrose!) and Frank Clifton was holding the scissors to cut the ribbon, with a look of entire happiness upon his face. I believe I was the only one then who gave a thought to Mr. Lyle's probable reception of the news, for there is nothing on earth that makes two people so selfish as falling in love with each other.

Frank started up as I came in, and turned a fine, handsome face towards me. He did indeed look a "noble fellow," and my eyes told Bertha Camilla as much when she introduced us. I was in an awkward position; I got out of it in the bluntest way imaginable.

"Bertha Camilla," I said, "you will excuse the question—but does Mr. Clifton know what we have been talking of to-day?"

"Yes—do be quiet," she said, blushing and laughing.

"Not till I have finished my message. The fact is, your mother sent me here to see that you did not get into a flirtation——"

"Will you be still?"

"No. But as you both say you are in earnest, I don't think you would deceive me, Bertha——"

"Could I?"

"Some women have *tried*, my dear, before now. And you, Mr. Clifton?"

"I? I love her with my whole heart, and I don't care who hears me say so," cried the gallant fellow, snatching her hand and pressing it to his lips. "I am earnest enough, Mrs. Bell; aye, and I have been for two years or more, only she never let me hope before, or——"

"That is quite enough, Mr. Frank—I believe you. But, dear me, how fatiguing it must be to love a person so devotedly."

"You may be sure I do not find it so," he answered, gaily, and he really did not look as if he did. I went and established myself in an easy chair, with my back to the room, and my face to the open window.

"Now, young people," I said, opening my book, "I must stay here because I said I would—but you can make all the love you like. I shall neither hear nor understand you."

They laughed, and bent their heads together over the pages of Festus—the very pages that unfortunate Ambrose had read when there. But that was none of my business. I sat reading very comfortably, looking up now and then to see how the sunshine faded and the shadows lengthened on the hills, and how the brown bees clustered round the beds of roses by the window—the day drew silently to a close, and with the murmurs of their voices dying on my ear, my thoughts went wandering back to some early days of school—I had deemed them half forgotten. Suddenly the door was thrown open, somebody halted on the threshold, the lovers started up, and I heard Mrs. Rose exclaim:

"Well, certainly, this is the last way of 'playing dragon' I have heard of."

I turned leisurely round in my chair.

"It is all right, Mrs. Rose. They love each other, and Ambrose Lyle is to be given up—and why—why—yes it is—how do you do, Mr. Bell?"

It was my husband, sure enough, who had come for me. And as he took me up in his great arms, as if I had been a baby, and kissed me, Bertha Camilla clapped her hands, and cried out something about lighting cigars with unread letters. But I stopped her when I landed on "terra firma" once more, and we all went out to tea the happiest party imaginable.

I suppose people will be found unreasonable enough to want to know what became of the lovers. It is a great mistake putting an end to a story; when I write a novel I mean to have none. But the editor of the Ledger must be obeyed, and so I lift the vail.

The last evening I spent upon American ground (in A. D. 1857) was passed at a party, where I was to bid a host of friends (?) good-by. Some one was singing as I entered the little music-room before supper that dashing, yet plaintive little Scotch thing:

"Roy's wife of Aldivalloch,
Roy's wife of Aldivalloch,
Wot ye how she cheated me,
As I came o'er the braes of Balloch.
She vowed, she swore, she wad be mine,
She said she loved me, best of any;
But, oh! the faithless, fickle quean,
She's ta'en the carle, and left her Johnny!"

"Bravo, Frank!" said a dozen voices; and as the gentleman rose, we recognized each other, shook hands, and stepped aside to talk.

"And Bertha Camilla?" I asked, after a decent pause.

He laughed heartily.

"Would you believe it? She is married, and to a man named Smith. She has two babies, they will be Smiths, too. Thank Heaven, they are not mine!"

"You are quite cured, then?"

"Quite, I assure you. Will you waltz?"

That was what became of them, and of the love!

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A **man's** own good breeding is the best security against other people's ill manners.

WIT AND WISDOM.

ORIGINAL AND SELECTED—PREPARED EXPRESSLY FOR THE LEDGER BY GEO. D. PRENTICE.

There is a great deal of conversation in which silliness is current coin, and nonsense pays for nonsense; in which compliment is bartered for compliment, and the envy in the heart is measurable by the sweetness on the lips; the mere sounding of nothings which are but the echoes of empty heads, the miscellaneous chattering compounded of gabble and gossip, relieving idleness by scandal.

A **successful** book is often a greater event than a successful campaign. There are noiseless events in the history of the human mind that do not scar the forehead of the world as battles do, yet change it not the less.

There are many speculations in literature, philosophy, and religion, which lead to no important result; they are like those roads in the Western forests, which finally dwindle to a squirrel-track and run up a tree.

Life has been called a warfare. Blessed then is the periodical armistice of the Sabbath. It is only in the pauses of the fight that we can see how the battle is going.

As flowers never put on their best clothes for Sunday, but wear their spotless raiment and exhale their odor every day, so let your life, free from stain, ever give forth the fragrance of the love of God.

Pleasure should be immediate between frugality and festivity; or be like Venus placed between Ceres and Bacchus.

Men have hundreds of different languages; the winds and trees and birds and waves speak but one over the whole earth.

A **smile** may be bright while the heart is sad; the rainbow is beautiful in the air while beneath is the moaning of the sea.

Many a goodly leg is lost in battle; thousands of brave fellows walk proudly into a war and hop out of it.

There are in this world so many rank offences which "smell to heaven," that we fear the olfactory nerves of the good spirits must be sadly incommoded.

If ink is, as Carlyle calls it, "the life blood of authors," these poor people can manage to live only by the shedding of their life-blood.

From using glasses on the nose you see an object single; from using them under the nose you see it double.

If, when you are suffering from illness, you take quack medicines, you may be pretty sure your sufferings will soon be over.

Any one may be a fool in the head or a fool in the heart and escape detection, but, if he is a fool in the face, he is indubitably condemned.

There is many a gentle woman, whose heart, like the evening primrose, opens only after sunset, but blooms with sweet odors through the dark night.

It would seem as if the people thought that the man least qualified to manage his own business must be best qualified to manage their's.

The soldier's great risk is that of becoming extinguished before he can become distinguished.

According to Plato, "like resolves itself into like." All flesh is grass, and so men go to grass.

Spring is only winter warmed and painted green.

Double tongueing is considered a fine accomplishment in flute-playing; in conversation it isn't.

If you turn honest man, you render the world an essential service by putting an end to a rascal.

Some people, like some insects, must have been created just for the annoyance of our race.

The soul of many a poor fellow is like the imp described in the Arabian nights—imprisoned in a bottle.

The captain of a steamboat will never be at his wheel if he is always upon his guard.

Though the clouds rear their battlements in the sky, they are easily carried by storm.

Of all kinds of property, money loaned on good security is the most *interesting*.

Indulge anger through the day if you must, but never take it for a bedfellow.

It is a paradox that hard money is a pleasant thing to fall back upon.

CURRENT ITEMS.

A **little** girl who was out berrying a short time since in southwestern Pennsylvania, was alarmed by a noise in the bushes at a little distance, and hastily climbed a tree by the aid of a high fence by its side. She had not got far up the tree, when she saw a large black bear come towards it, and begin to ascend after her. In great terror she climbed to the very top, where the bear could not follow her, owning to the smallness of the trunk, and there she had to cling for two hours, until rescued by her father and brother, who had come out to search for her. Her father, having a rifle, shot the bear, killing him at the first fire.

A **servant-girl**, living in a family in Sixteenth street, being entrusted with the duty of giving the children a warm bath one evening recently, after filling the tub, took up the youngest child—a beautiful little girl four years old—and plunged her into the water. The child screamed and struggled to get out, but the girl did not assist her, and she finally slipped and fell, sinking over head in the water. On getting on her feet she again tried to climb out, (shrieking all the time,) and the elder children helping her she succeeded, when it was found that the poor little thing had been literally parboiled, the water being almost scalding hot.

A **couple** of frontiermen having got into a quarrel, on the western confines of Iowa, agreed to draw lots as to who should shoot the other through the hand, their comrades agreeing that whoever won should "shoot fair" or be shot himself. The winner took his station at thirty rods distance, and the other holding out his left hand, received a ball in the centre of the palm, which went through it as though it had been paper, and "all parties declared themselves satisfied."

A **boatman** on the Erie canal, becoming enraged at a boy engaged as driver, threw a stick of wood at him, which hit him on the head and knocked him down; the ruffian then ran to where his prostrate form was lying and began to push it off the boat with his foot into the water; but the cook—a stout German woman—ran up behind him, and giving him a sudden push precipitated him into the canal, from which he escaped with difficulty.

An aged man, who was crossing Canal street the other day, at its junction with Broadway, was run over by an omnibus, and both of his legs were badly crushed. The poor old man cried out with affright and pain, and swooned away. He was rescued as speedily as possible, and as tenderly cared for as circumstances would permit.

A **number** of boatmen on the Mississippi river got into a fight a short time since, commencing with clubs and billets of wood, and ending with knives, pistols and rifles. Two of the combatants clinched, fell to the ground, and scratched, gouged and bit each other for about half an hour, when they were separated, in a shocking condition.

A **young** man who was out hunting a short time since, near the mouth of the Red river, and in the angle formed by it and the Mississippi, suddenly came upon an alligator, basking in the mud and sunshine. He fired, and hitting the "reptile" square in the eye, the ball penetrated the brain, instantly killing the monster.

The crew of a Portuguese and that of a Spanish vessel got into a fight one evening recently, on the pier on the East river, near which the vessels were lying, and as they used their knives freely, several of them were badly wounded before the police could put a stop to the encounter.

A **hard-looking** customer, who gave his name at the police station as Jethro Davidson, was arrested one evening lately for attempting to rob a working-woman who was on her way home, with her day's wages in her hand.

A **number** of boys went in swimming at Gowanus Bay, a few evenings since, and a couple of them getting into a quarrel while in deep water, got each other by the hair and ears, and both sinking they came near drowning before they could be rescued.

Joseph Tristam, a sail-maker, was attacked one morning, a short time since, in South street, and had his skull badly fractured. No clue could be obtained to the perpetrator of the deed.

The Camanche Indians are reported to be gathering in great force in western Texas, where they threaten to spread havoc and destruction far and wide.

THE NEW YORK LEDGER

ROBERT BONNER, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JULY 13, 1861.

THE CAUSE OF THE ENORMOUS AND UNPARALLELED CIRCULATION OF THE LEDGER.—We pay more money for contributions by popular and eminent writers, in order to make a great and good paper, than is paid by any ten other literary papers in the country; and, as a legitimate result, our circulation is larger than the combined circulation of any ten others.

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WE always stop the LEDGER at the expiration of the year, or the time for which it is paid, so that if you wish to continue, it it would be well to renew your subscriptions at least one week before the time expires.

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NO TRAVELLING AGENTS.—We employ no travelling agents. If any party pretends to act as such you can put him down as a swindler.

ARNOLD'S TREASON.

In the next number of the LEDGER we shall commence a new Revolutionary Story, entitled, "THE TRIAD," by Lieutenant Henry L. Langford. "The Triad" was a Tory gang, that infested New York, New Jersey, and Pennsylvania, and took its name from the manner in which the victims that fell by the bloody hands of its members were marked—every person slain by them having a *triangular scalp* cut from his head and pinned upon his bosom. This band was originated by Benedict Arnold to help on his scheme of treason; and upon these and kindred facts Lieutenant Langford founds his story, which is one of great power and absorbing interest.

THE NEXT RENT DAY—A HINT TO LANDLORDS.

Rent day, even in prosperous times, is to large numbers of the inhabitants of great cities a day of judgment that comes four times a year. Two of the four rent days are particularly hard to meet, the one that comes in the depth of winter and the one that occurs in the dullness of summer. The lives of many people of small, precarious business is one long struggle to prepare for the rent day.

During the last ten years of prosperity, rents in New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Cincinnati, Chicago, Detroit, and most other large cities, have been constantly on the rise; until the rents paid for favorite business locations have become astounding. Such rents as ten, fifteen, and twenty thousand dollars a year have long ceased to excite remark. One building in Broadway has yielded sixty thousand dollars a year. Another was leased last year for ten years at fifty thousand dollars a year. Rents generally have been screwed up to a point which can be sustained only by the best managed houses in the best times. Just now these exorbitant rents are peculiarly onerous. The question is—and it is a life-and-death question with many—how is the next quarter's rent to be paid? The country, upon the whole, is prosperous. The farmers are sound, and have splendid prospects before them. Labor is generally well employed. Money is superabundant. But the business men of the cities are *caught.* They engaged to pay rents which can only be paid out of the profits of large business. *Their* business is, for the time, paralyzed. How are they to get out of the scrape?

A large owner of real estate in Philadelphia has lately given a practical hint on this subject, which may be worth considering. He notified his tenants, a short time before the last rent was due, that he should deduct twenty-five per cent. from the quarter's rent off all his tenants who should pay their rent on the day it was due. This sensible landlord received on the quarter day *a larger proportion of the whole amount of rent due him than any other leading proprietor in Philadelphia.* We commend the consideration of this fact to those whom it may concern. What say our own wealthy landlords? Would it not be well for them to reduce *their* rents twenty-five per cent., and thus relieve their tenants in this their hour of need? Cannot William B. Astor afford to set the example?

GIVE AS YOU GO ALONG.

Considering that no testator expects to be present at the opening of his own will, or at the distribution of his property after his demise, it seems strange that so many men should live penuriously, and belittle their souls by a thousand meannesses, for the sole purpose of acquiring fortunes to leave behind them. The object of such persons is doubtless posthumous glory. They take it for granted that the munificence of their bequests will astonish the world, that the newspapers will pay them post mortem compliments, and that they will receive a retrospective golden-calf worship from generations yet unborn. But, after all, the game does not appear to be worth the candle. The "dull, cold ear of death" cannot be tickled by mortuary puffs, the "resolutions" of aggrandized public institutions, or the pious ejaculations of suddenly enriched heirs and legatees; nor is a fulsome epitaph likely to afford the slightest satisfaction to the "food for worms" that moulders beneath it.

Moreover, it is questionable whether the memory of the man whose generosity is only manifested through his executors, is much respected by the recipients of his wealth. Such men rarely die soon enough to please their heirs. They are considered—after their wills are made—to "lag superfluous on the stage," and when "removed to a better world" the inheritors of their substance are filled with joyful resignation. Sometimes a tough old money grabber outlives half the legatees "remembered in his will," who perhaps have died in poverty, their lives shortened by the privations and anxieties which a tenth of the sum alloted to them would have relieved. It is a singular trait in the character of many individuals, who spare no pains to acquire wealth for their posterity, that they cannot bestow a dollar even on those nearest and dearest to them, during their lifetime, without pain. To be cursed with such a niggard disposition is, in our opinion, a heavy affliction.

The *wisely* generous rich man is he who *gives as he goes along.* He understands that work done by deputy after the death of the principal, is likely enough to be done in a slovenly way, and therefore distributes his surplus wealth among those he designs to benefit with his *own hands,* instead of leaving the task to his executors and trustees.

ORGANIZATION OF AN ARMY.

The most important branch of an army is the infantry. It consists of infantry of the line, and light infantry. The former constitutes its great force. The French are very strong in light infantry. The Austrian light infantry likewise is very good. The Prussian less so. The English light infantry is wanting, except a few riflemen. In Russia the arm is almost entirely wanting. Cavalry consists of heavy and light; cuirassiers are heavy, hussars and chasseurs light. Dragoons may be either. Except with the French, there are light and heavy artillery; they have but one kind. It is also horse and foot artillery; in the French and English service the artillerymen ride on the limbers and ammunition wagons.

Military bodies are divided into companies, battalions and regiments. The battalion is the division for action, not too large to be directed with the voice. In skirmishing, companies are made use of. There is no fixed number for a battalion. Cavalry has squadrons and regiments. A squadron embraces from one to two hundred. Our great want is cavalry. Unless the recruit be a superior horseman, it takes a long time to make him a good dragoon.

The following is considered a good proportion for disciplined infantry, cavalry and artillery: two regiments of infantry of the line of 1,000 each; one regiment of light infantry, 1,000; one regiment of riflemen, 1,000; one regiment of cavalry, 1,000; two batteries—six pieces—of artillery, or four batteries of four pieces of mountain howitzers, are used. It is necessary not to have more artillery than can be well-guarded, for if captured its reversed fire may be fatal.

CLOUDLAND.

It is pleasant, when one is in a lazy, contemplative mood, to watch the "dissolving views" of Cloudland. The silvery and golden vapors that sail across the sky are capable of more extraordinary changes and metamorphoses than were ever seen in a play or pantomime. Touched by those invisible harlequins, the winds, they assume, to the half-dreamy eye, the most fantastic shapes, which succeed each other with a rapidity that put the fleeting phantasmagoria of the magic lantern, and the mechanical deceptions of the stage, to shame. One can make wonderful discoveries in the fire sometimes, but these changable cloud pictures are on a grander scale. Now a half rampant dragon, a furlong in length, and belching from his capacious mouth volumes of smoke, rushes through the blue. Presently the unseen sword of the wind decapitates him, and his head turns into a winged seraph. Anon his golden tail drops off, and becomes a magnificent pleasure yacht, with a Cleopatra in the stern sheets and a Cupid at the prow, while the body is converted into an archipelago of fairy islands, crowned with palms. If the gazer is in a thoroughly indolent humor, and keeps his eyes fixed intently upon the moving panorama above, he shall behold scenes that transcend description. More of the sublime, the beautiful, the gorgeous, the grotesque, than was ever embodied in poetry or portrayed on canvas, shall be revealed to him. It is waste of time, money, and locomotion to go to the Academy of Design, when a man can lie on his back on the greensward, in pleasant summer weather, and have the picture gallery of Heaven opened to him gratis. There, any picture his fancy may suggest, is painted for him in a moment. Light and vapor, with the empyrean for their atelier, produce such scenic wonders, that human artists, beholding them, may well break their pallettes and throw down their brushes in despair. While looking upon glorified Cloudland it is difficult to believe that it is all fog, and that the bright images shaped out in it, by fancy and the zephyrs, are merely "Children of the Mist." Substance is not more real to the eye for the time the air-borne vision lasts. Some critics suppose that Polonius intends to flatter Hamlet, when following the lead of the Prince he admits that one cloud is "backed like a weasel," and that another is "very like a whale;" but we don't think so. Ophelia's father, no doubt, was sincere in what he said. Which of us has not seen all the known monsters of the land and sea, to say nothing of thousands of nondescripts in the utopias of the skies.

THE PRIMS AND THE GRIMS.

Of course everybody knows those social dampers, the Prims and the Grims. They are cold-shouldered wretches, pledged against joviality in any form. Total abstinence from mirth is in fact the fundamental principle of their creed. Although equally hateful, there is some difference between them. The Prims are animated refrigerators. To be near them is like being under the lee of an iceberg; but unlike icebergs, they never thaw in any atmosphere, however genial. Sparks of wit are wasted upon them. They are impervious to the shafts of humor. You might fire a joke at them out of a Columbiad without making their eyes twinkle. Amid "the feast of reason and the flow of soul" they sit sour and silent, puckering their lips at every bit of badinage, as if swallowing a green persimmon. The Grims are less statuesque and more sardonic. They seem to look upon the cheerful and light-hearted as predestined children of wrath, and to derive a secret satisfaction from the believe that there is a rod in pickle for them. They see all things "through a glass, *darkly,*" and their pictures of futurity are all charcoal-sketches. They would have you, instead of enjoying the good things of life in a rational way, put your appetites in irons, as rebels against God. Such fanaticism is not far removed from blasphemy. It is as much as to say that our capabilities of enjoyment were given us without a purpose, and that the Scriptural maxim that nothing has been made in vain is untrue.

The world, in our opinion, could very well spare both the Prims and the Grims. They don't help us to a just appreciation of the Fatherly kindness of the Creator, quite the reverse. Were Christianity truly interpreted by their precepts, and correctly illustrated by their example, it would be a cold and cruel creed, instead of a miracle of beneficence and mercy. We have no sympathy with bigots, who look upon this fair world as a place of punishment, and would have us believe that it is only by shutting our eyes to its attractions that we can hope to open them in the "better land." We prefer to regard it as the vestibule of Heaven, and hold that the rational enjoyment of its blessings is only a proper manifestation of gratitude to Him who bestowed upon us such a goodly place of sojourn.

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—It seems that our recent remarks on the culpability of a young clergyman in attempting, by means worse than questionable, to draw to his own society old and contented worshippers under the ministrations of a venerable and revered neighboring pastor, have attracted a good deal of attention, and elicited, so far as we know, the general approbation of the religious community. It would indeed be strange if there were a difference of opinion on this subject. What! shall a lower standard of morality be adopted by the churches than that which is generally upheld by business men, in mere moneyed transactions? Shall a minister be justified in getting the advantage of a brother pastor by practices which a respectable man would not be countenanced in resorting to in order to gain an advantage over a neighbor in a horse-trade? A religious society built up in such a manner cannot stand: it is founded on sand and not on a rock. Even among gamblers, the players with loaded dice occupy a "lower depth." In Christian fraternity all things must be done fairly, openly, above-board—honestly, nobly, and generously.

The young clergyman who seeks by intermeddling to undermine a neighboring parish, and thereby increase his own, is more ambitious than wise—more active than good. He deserves to fail in his bad enterprise; and must ultimately cover himself with obloquy and shame.

FEMALE HEROISM.

A ROMANTIC INCIDENT OF COLUMBIAN HISTORY.

It was in the year 1811 that the South American provinces of New Grenada and Venezuela, weary of the exacting domination of Spain, united under the name of Columbia, proclaimed themselves an independent republic, and under the leadership of Bolivar gained their freedom, after a long and bloody conflict.

In 1814 the Liberal army met with reverses, and its brave commander was forced to retire from the country. For a while he sought the protection of St. Domingo; from which island in 1817 he returned to Venezuela, at the head of a large force he had collected about him there; and from this period, till the termination of the struggle, in 1821, he remained at the head of a victorious army, and resigned his position when his services were no longer required.

During the exile of Bolivar, in St. Domingo, he was continually informed of the state of his native country, by trusty messengers, dispatched by his friends at home. Every important movement of the Spanish troops, every measure of the royalists, and all their plans were known to him.

It is well known that while the war of Independence was waging, much blood was shed; and the progress of the royalist army was marked with desolation and massacre. Wherever the Liberals and their sympathizers were found, the hangman's rope and the garrote made short work with them; and no mercy was shown to the unfortunate individual on whom suspicions chanced to fall.

Among the patriots who, at this period, incurred the suspicion of Samano, the viceroy and commander of the Spanish forces, was the unfortunate Señorita Apolinaria Salabarriata, better known, in the history of those times, as Doña La Pola.

This young lady, a member of one of the best families of Bogota, who was distinguished for extraordinary beauty of person, and many accomplishments, had early taken a deep interest in the cause of the Liberals; and, like Madam Roland, the Girondist of the French revolution, had made her house the secret meeting-place of the prominent Liberals in Bogota. She was also in direct correspondence with Bolivar; and by means of a faithful servant, kept the commanding general posted in regard to everything of interest in the army of the enemy.

Her beauty, wit, and musical talents made her society courted by all parties; and on certain evenings, her saloons were opened for *tertulias,* or social gatherings, at which the Spanish officers were always welcomed. They listened with pleasure to her brilliant conversation, and artistic performance upon the harp, accompanied by her exquisite voice; and, unsuspicious of her motives, freely communicated to her all that they knew with regard to the intention of the leader of the royal troops

As if in the course of ordinary conversation, Doña Apolinaria would inquire about their absent companions-in-arms; and the destinations of the various regiments and divisions of the Spanish army, and in this way possessed herself of much valuable information, which she immediately forwarded by her messenger to the commander-in-chief of the patriots, who profiting by the knowledge, was enabled to act successfully against these detached portions of the royal forces.

At length, however, suspicion of the young lady's intentions were aroused, and spies were placed about her person. The information the Spanish general obtained by these means, led to the arrest of the young man employed by her, and a packet of papers was found upon him which implicated her. In fact, the messenger, when threatened with the terrors of torture, confessed that he had long been in the employ of the Señorita Salabarriata, and had frequently passed between the capital and the camp of the Liberals.

Of course the young lady was immediately taken under arrest, and after a hasty examination before a military tribunal, was pronounced guilty as a spy, and an enemy of the royal cause, and condemned to suffer death at the garrote.

At this time Señorita Apolinaria was under an engagement of marriage with a young man of rank, who, although not the least evidence of complicity or knowledge even of her proceedings was adduced against him, was condemned to be executed with her.

Twelve hours only were given the lovers to prepare for death; and even this short time would not have been permitted had not the tyrant, Samano, considered it of the greatest importance to discover, if possible, the real accomplices of the young lady; and to effect this, no means were left untried to induce her to betray her friends.

Even offers of pardon, and additional rewards for herself and her betrothed were made to her on the one hand, and a death of torture on the other.

But like a true heroine, as she was, the noble young lady refused to implicate any one, and solemnly asserted the innocence of her lover to the last.

Finding it impossible to elicit anything from the courageous girl, scarcely twelve hours were suffered to elapse, when she, together with young La Pola, her betrothed husband, was escorted by a picket of grenadiers to the fatal seat, where once more an official approached them, and addressing himself to Señorita Apolinaria, again made an offer of pardon and reward, on condition that she would betray her friends, and give a list of the patriots she might know of in the city.

"My life," said she to the officer, "is dear to me, and gladly would I save that of my lover, were it possible to do so, and be true to my country and myself; but neither my own nor his life, even, would be sufficient to make a traitoress of me! Your insulting offer of rewards I despise, as I do yonder tyrant!" and waving her hand towards a verandah where was seated Samano, who with savage satisfaction was gazing upon the scene, she seated herself upon the garrote, and bade the executioner obey the orders of the viceroy.

But still again the officer, as if desirous of saving the life of the beautiful victim, repeated the offers of pardon, now upon condition that she would reveal the names of a few only of the principal friends of the Liberals in Bogota.

Her only reply was:

"Bolivar will soon be here, and then you will learn who they all are."

Then perceiving that her lover hesitated, as if about to speak, through fear of the death that awaited them, she implored him, as the last earthly request, that if he ever really loved her, to prove it now by dying without a regret.

"It is a glorious death," she said, "to die for one's country. And by *dying* with me, you will show that you were worthy to *live* with me. Make no disclosures to the tyrant, my beloved husband, for whatever you might say will not change his purpose—he would never spare your life."

Then for the first time, as the priests left them alone with the garroter, did this noble young woman appear to appreciate the awful doom so soon to be theirs; and addressing herself to the officer, who had frequently visited in her family, she called him by name, and exclaimed:

"Is it possible, that you, too, have turned butcher, and can kill a woman—an old friend!"

She then embraced her lover; and placing her snowy neck within the fatal ring, covered her face with her *saya.* The lifting of this article of her dress exposed to view her closely fitting *basquiana,* on which was embroidered in golden thread the words, "*Viva la Patria!*"

On seeing this motto of the Patriots thus defiantly displayed to the eyes of the gazing populace, the impatient viceroy gave the signal from his balcony, and with one turn of the deadly screws the souls of the lovers were released from their earthly tabernacles, and united forever in Heaven.

SUMMER RAIN.

Who so short-sighted and ungrateful as to be impatient of the summer rain. Suppose, madam, it *has* spotted your stylish bonnet, can you be peevish when the clouds are dropping bread? Glory and abundance are in the blessed globules that have unglossed your ribbons and wilted your artificial flowers. But for those tears of heaven the earth would never laugh. Verily, whoever grumbles at them deserves to be banished to the moon, where all is aridity and desolation. The milk of the corn, the juice of the grape, all the "fatness of the land," that shall be, is latent in those fructifying drops. The sunshine itself would be worthless without them, for light and heat, the agents by which their productive properties are developed, could only calcine a moistureless soil.

And what a miracle-worker is the soft, summer rain. How it rejuvenates the fading herbage and freshens all the tints of the landscape. The birds that gasped and drooped their nerveless wings in the sultry shade, shake their plumes and twitter joyously. Fish leap in ecstasy from pool and stream. Every living thing from man to the earth-worm—that comes forth as if it had scented the falling moisture in its subterranean abode—seems imbued with new life; and the flowers, that have no other way of expressing their rapture, send forth from their mute lips floods of fragrance!

Who, then, would quarrel with the summer rain, even though it should drench him to the skin. Certainly not the farmer. Showers of manna and of quails would not be so welcome to *him.* He does not see the poetry of the thing, perhaps, but he views it in a practical light, as symptomatic of a plethora of wheat, rye, oats, barley, buckwheat, turnips, cabbages and potatoes, and is thankful for the down-come. So ought we all to be.

THE VULTURES OF THE LOBBY!

The present state of the country affords unlimited opportunities for corrupt demagogues. Tens of thousands of soldiers are to be armed, clothed and fed, and tens of millions of dollars must be distributed for that purpose. What a field does this afford to the vultures of the lobby! Snuffing the prey from afar, they flock to their great chiefs at Washington, who give them hospitable welcome, responsible appointments, and lucrative contracts. The lobby tactics and corruptions of Albany and Harrisburg are united to form a scheme of plunder on a scale of grandeur and completeness commensurate with the opportunities. The poor, patriotic soldiers are doomed—devoted to suffering, sickness, mismanagement, and death. Arrayed in rotten clothing and nauseated with putrid food furnished by lobby contractors and commissaries, they are led by lobby commanders upon batteries of death, and their ragged, emaciated and mangled corses strew the plains—so many stark and bloody seals of condemnation upon the arch plunderers who forced them to their melancholy doom.

The people will not stand this vile system any longer. They are rousing in their wrath, from one end of the land to the other. The pressure of public indignation is becoming so strong that it will soon sweep from the Cabinet one or two of the heartless cormorants who riot in the plunder of a brave people, unless they take their Briarean hands out of the federal treasury, and cease their game of sacrificing the national weal to personal greed.

ITINERANT PHILANTHROPISTS.

This city is much infested just now with self-constituted philanthropists, whose charity begins and ends at home. A friend of ours bestowed two dollars the other day, to be applied in a case of sickness which turned out on inquiry to be entirely mythical. The party who received the cash was a well-dressed and apparently well-educated woman. When business is stagnant, harpies of this kind always abound. If the charitably disposed were their own almoners, or only selected as their agents in doing good, persons on whose representations they had sufficient reason to rely, the poor, as well as they, would be the gainers. The amount of money annually collected by imposters, for alleged "charitable purposes," is very large. It is of course so much lost to deserving indigence. As an anecdote somewhat in point we may mention that one of our fellow-citizens, the other day, gave a quarter to a miserable looking fellow, who said that if he did not obtain some assistance he would be compelled to do "something which he *had* hoped nothing would ever drive him to." After handing him the money the gentleman inquired what he would have done if he had not received it. "Why sir," said the rascal with a grin, "I should have had *to go to work.*"

THESE SUMMER MORNINGS.

Whoever lies abed till breakfast time these glorious mornings, misses much that both body and mind would be the better for. If of the city, he loses a draught of the cool air that comes up from the tidal waters, and from the parks and gardens, ere it has been contaminated by the smoke of tens of thousands of fires, or the dust thrown up by countless vehicles, or the feet of busy human multitudes. If of the country, he misses the rich fragrance of the rural morning—the delicate scent of the wild roses, the more pungent aroma of the wild mint, the "sweet savor of the new mown hay," the odoriferous breath of the growing clover, which, with a hundred other pleasant perfumes, are exhaled with the dew from the wood side, the brook side, the meadows and the uplands, in a concord so exquisite, that it charms the soul through the sense of smell as rare music charms it through the ear. Nor is music wanting, for the birds gush into song, as the flowers and herbs into fragrance, at the coming of the sun.

A LAW MUCH WANTED.

One that shall compel city railroad companies to start their cars as often as public convenience requires, and to admit into them only as many passengers as can be comfortably seated. The profit reaped by these corporations is from fifteen to twenty-five per cent. per annum on the capital invested, and they should be compelled to *accommodate* the public, instead of stowing them into their wheeled packing cases as cattle are stowed into the freight cars on the country railroads. The cattle, however, have this advantage over the Christians, that the cars in which they ride are open. They have a chance to breathe. But the people of New York are infinitely more patient of abuses than beeves and sheep.

MRS. JELLABY'S LAST GRIEVANCE.

One of my neighbors has given his boy a drum—not a toy-drum, alas! *that* I might endure; but a real, bona-fide, regimental, ear-splitting concern—the horror of the adult population, and the envy of gaping youngsters, whose papas have too much humanity to provide them with such a nuisance by way of amusement. Early in the morning, this juvenile assassin of the peace commences his insane tattooing, till drops of agony stand upon the brow of every listening victim; till they wonder if that little boy has had his turn of the measles, or chicken-pox, or any other complaint at present rife, that would promise at least a temporary reprieve from that horrid tum-tum-ing. They wonder what toothsome little dainty he is most fond of, that might answer as a vehicle for a little ipecac; and whether, at some millennial moment, this juvenile Nero may not take it into his head to vary that dead-hammer performance with a blast of the shrill fife. One wonders if his blessed mother has forgotten her wearisome attempts to get *his* babyhood to sleep, that she thus ignores all the fat, hot babies in the neighborhood, bereft, by his means, of the little cat-naps, which ensure a momentary peace to baby-beset mothers in the dog-days. One wonders if his papa, who, of course, gets rid of this nuisance by being down town all day, were at home instead, and trying to write, how long his patience or ideas would hold out. One wonders, when one lies languidly down for an after-dinner nap, too helpless to do anything but make mouths at this miserable youngster, whether even his own daddy, under such circumstances, would not rise in his might at last and smash that drum into infinitessimal fragments. One wonders why his daddy couldn't have been the contented parent of a *girl,* instead of a boy; a peaceful little girl, who would have sat weeks at a time on a cricket, coddling a one-eyed wooden doll. And finally, one is impressed, as one never was before, with the immediate necessity of sending missionaries to those heathen lands which are in the habit of selecting their *female* infants to strangle. FANNY FERN.

BREAKFAST THOUGHTS.

After coffee and the morning paper we depend upon seeing the little girls going to school. *Little* girls we say, for the big ones, with their diamond rings, and gold bracelets, and precociously-flounced robes, are a painful sight, in connection with geography and grammar. Ah! it was not so in *our* day! Gingham and calico were good enough then; servants did not go with us, or come after us, to carry our books and help us sneeze. Wearing sun-bonnets in summer, and hoods in winter, sensibly shod, and neatly aproned, *we* were put through our arithmetic. Therefore, it is only the *little* girls now that we like to look at, who have not yet been vitiated by the dress fever; and who pat-pat under our window, with their pretty little feet, and fat calves, and rosy cheeks, and curly locks, and white pinafores, and tiny little luncheon baskets. Bless them! What a pity that they must all grow up to be New York-ized. What a pity that a few years hence there will be no more nature in them than there is in those metal plants, placed at a deceiving distance in a ball-room to entrap the uninitiated. I groan to think of it; I groan to think that those little hands will be kidded and skewered over their belts, in company with a laced handkerchief, on which their whole souls will be embroidered, before they *should* be out of leading strings. I groan to think of the shrill, New York, female key at which those musical voices will soon be pitched, as they gabble senselessly about "the opera," and "*him,*" and "the last style." I groan to think of their showy silks, worn without regard to barometer, or thermometer, or the care-worn faces of their papas in the counting-rooms. Well, well, perhaps the cloud now passing over our land may quench all these follies, and bring back the good old commonsense-times again. Who knows?

FANNY FERN.

STARTLING INTELLIGENCE.

There has been growling enough of late about the untrustworthiness of the telegraphic despatches published in the newspapers. But what is a Washington correspondent to do? The public are *gasping* for intelligence, as a nest full of little birds gasp for food. They will have *something;* they cannot be appeased without paragraphs that at least look like news. On the other hand, the correspondent at the Washington end of the wire, cannot get hold of one item of real information. He haunts the ante-chamber of the general in command, but not a whisper is allowed to escape. He hangs about the war department, but nothing can be discovered. He roams about the camps, but not an event has transpired. In these circumstances the great artist shows what he can do. He begins by vaguely intimating that movements of the most important and startling character will soon be developed, respecting which particulars cannot yet be given without communicating important intelligence to the enemy. Upon this topic he enlarges, repeating the idea in as many ways as he can think of. Then he contradicts a few statements previously telegraphed, and confirms some intelligence transmitted a week ago. In this way, a correspondent, who knows his trade, can make out half a column of the most pleasing and exciting news, without having the smallest fragment of a new fact to serve as a basis. As long as he tells no lies, and starts no horrid rumor of massacre among well known regiments, he does no great harm, and is perhaps worthy of some little gratitude. In a famine, it is said, people find relief from the gnawings of hunger by chewing straw and chips.

RUDENESS AT THE ASTOR LIBRARY.

[We call the attention of the controllers of the Astor Library to the following letter, which is a sample of the complaints constantly made by students, of the rudeness of the employees in that institution.—ED. LEDGER.]

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NEW YORK LEDGER:—*Sir*—I would like to know if there is any "veto" in the Constitution or By-Laws of the Astor Library that prevents a student of a college or seminary from consulting books in that library that are freely granted to the rest of the public. My professor requested the class to search out some historical facts that were called for in the course of his lectures—whether they obtained them from the originals or from translations was to be their own choice. I called at the above library, asked for, and was refused, by one of these austere librarians, an English copy of a Greek author. I obtained it, however, from a second, and while perusing it, a third most uncourteously came and took it from me; and when asked for his authority for so doing, he said he was the authority *himself.* This is only one instance out of many of the rudeness visitors receive in this magnificient institution. STUDENT.

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$26 "CRIBBED"—STRAWS SHOW WHICH WAY THE WIND BLOWS.—In another article in this paper we refer to the "Vultures of the Lobby" and the rampant corruption in high places. Since that article was put in type, an incident has come to our knowledge which indicates the rapid spread of this corruption through all branches of the public service. A member of a regiment recently encamped at East New York, died, and the undertaker who furnished the coffin presented his bill, amounting to $14, to the proper officer. That functionary pronounced the bill all right, saying, "You shall have your money, but just take this bill back and make out another, *and make it forty dollars instead of fourteen!*" Who pockets the difference?

NEAR THE TORRENT.

BY WILLIAM ROSS WALLACE.

I.

Yet, O blest Genius of the Torrent! I
Can only lean and listen; for my heart
Made your eternal chant beneath this sky,
A large, pure passion, far from troubled mart,
With him my boyhood's idol; whose sweet art
Nursed Poesy's rose in my young soul, and made
Her hope divine: I can no nearer part
Take with the sounding waters; he is laid
Away from sun and me in Death's relentless shade.

II.

How could I walk amid that glory now?
What could it give but wilder, deeper wo?
While Memory also tortured with the brow,
The perfect brow, of her whose maiden glow,
When that glad summer's earliest breeze would blow,
Showed me the Heaven of Woman: this small leaf,
Whose bliss it was by those dear Falls to grow,
Alone I dare to press, while o'er my grief
Seems breathed its song for those who were so bright
and brief.

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MAGGIE BURNS,

THE HEROINE OF THE DELAWARE.

A STORY OF AMERICAN HEARTS OF '76.

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

CHAPTER XIX.

A MISHAP.

Lieutenant Tower had received a severe bullet wound in the thigh while following his leader at Princeton, and he had not yet been able to resume his post of duty, being still obliged to use crutches when he walked. Him Roderic sought in all possible haste, anxious to know what had occurred at Waldvale. He found the invalid in bed, but not asleep.

"Mr. Tower, you will excuse me for troubling you at this time; but I come upon important business."

"Sit down, Captain, and make no excuses. I have come to bed only to rest my limbs. I am not sleepy. It is pleasant to see you at any time."

Roderic took a seat by the side of the bed, and when he had inquired touching his friend's progress of recovery, he approached the subject nearest his thoughts.

"Sergeant Adam told me that you had something of importance to communicate. He intimated that something had transpired at Waldvale. What is it?"

"Yes," returned the lieutenant, raising himself to a sitting posture. "Adam was right. I heard something to-day which I thought you would like to know. General Putnam has been here, and I happened to be present while he was giving to some of the officers of the staff an account of his proceedings. You are probably aware that many of our prisoners were sent to Philadelphia for safe keeping?"

"Yes," said our hero, "I knew that."

"Well," pursued Adam, "when Putnam left that city to take charge of our southern line of cantonments, there were some exchanges made."

"Exchanges of prisoners, do you mean?" cried Roderic, anxiously.

"Yes; and among the prisoners so disposed of were John Glengyle and Louis Griswold."

"Good Heavens! is this possible! Have those two men been set free?"

"They have," replied Adam. "But," he added, as he saw how deeply the intelligence touched his captain, "you must remember that those who had charge of the exchange knew nothing of the private issues between yourself and those two prisoners. It only appeared against them that they were Tories; and as they were willing to make oath that they would neither take up arms against the colonies, nor give aid to the enemy, they were suffered to go free."

"By my soul, this is a calamity indeed!" groaned our hero, working his hands nervously. "And yet no one is to blame. I only told the story of Maggie's danger to Mercer; and he, alas, is gone. Had he lived this would not have happened; for, as the prisoners were taken under his especial orders, he would have been referred to before an exchange was made with them. But when did they go? How long have they been free?"

"I don't know exactly, Captain. The exchange was made something over a week ago."

This was a startling peice of intelligence for Roderic Glengyle; but he was not long in making up his mind as to the course he should pursue. He must go to Waldvale as quickly as possible; and to this end he called at once upon the colonel of his regiment, to whom he made known his desire. His merits were so deserving of consideration that he had little difficulty in obtaining the leave he sought; and on the following morning he set out for Pennsylvania. He stopped at Princeton, where he saw General Putnam, and of him he inquired touching the time of John Glengyle's liberation.

"John Glengyle," said Putnam, "was set free two weeks ago. We exchanged him for a Patriot merchant of New Brunswick, who had been imprisoned by Cornwallis for supplying Sullivan with stores. Louis Griswold was not exchanged at the same time. We exchanged a Hessian officer in his place."

"But Griswold is free now?" said Roderic.

"I think he is," replied Putnam. "His name was on the exchange list, and he has in all probability been sent off ere this. Still I am not sure upon that point."

If there were any grounds for hope in this information they were so slight that our hero could build but very little comfort upon them. He stopped over night with the general, and in the morning set forth again upon his journey.

In the meantime how was it at Waldvale?

Hecuba sank very low, and but for the constant care of her devoted friends she could not have lived as she did. Her fever ran high by spells, and her ravings were terrible. At this time she called Maggie her dear Andromache, and said she was the wife of Hector; and at others she looked upon the gentle maiden as her bitterest enemy, and would not suffer her presence. Sometimes she would allow Cato to remain near her, but not often. Old Scipio was the only one who could control her at all when she was strong in her raving; and even he was sometimes obliged to use force.

Thus passed away four weeks, and the poor maniac was sinking lower and lower. Scipio shook his head mournfully when he spoke of her, and sadly expressed the opinion that she would soon be free from her sufferings. One afternoon, as Maggie sat in a small room adjoining the chamber in which Hecuba lay, she was startled by the abrupt entrance of Cato. The negro looked very uneasy, as though he had disagreeable news to tell.

"Have you come from Hecuba?" asked Maggie, whose first thought was that there might be danger in that quarter.

"No. I'm come from t'odder way, missus. Dar's somebody come."

"Who is it?"

"Mas'r."

"Do you mean Roderic?"

"No, no—it am t'odder mas'r. It am Roderic's uncle!"

Maggie started up from her seat, and took a step towards the negro. She was fearfully moved, and for a moment trembled violently.

"Has John Glengyle come back?" she asked, with her hands half extended, and her bosom heaving.

"Yes, Miss Maggie—he hab, for sartin."

"Did he come alone?"

"I s'pec's he did."

"Are you sure?"

"I didn't see him when he come; but dar wasn't only one hoss."

"Go down and see, Cato. Find out as quickly as you can. You know what I mean. I wish to know if Louis Griswold has come."

In a little while after Cato had gone, another visitor came. It was Hepsy, the chamber-maid, a negro girl who had been most faithful under her new mistress.

"What news do you bring?" asked Maggie, as the girl hesitated.

"Awful, missus!" was the spasmodic response.

"Have you come to tell me that your old master has returned?"

"Eh—did ye know it?"

"Yes, Hepsy."

"Well—'deed, missus, I'se glad ob dat, for now I haint got to break de news to ye. But I'se got sumf'n else. Mas'r Glengyle tole me to find ye. He wants to see ye down in de parlor. Gracious me! when I fust seed him I s'pected noff'n but he'd take my head right off; but he spoke berry soft an' good. He ax'd me how was all de folks, an' 'pear'd to be glad to git home. An' den he said he wanted to see Miss Maggie."

At this point Cato came back, and reported that John Glengyle had come alone. He had seen the groom, and his information was reliable.

By this time Maggie had become quite calm, and without stopping longer she went down to the parlor. Sir John arose as she entered the room; and though his manner was cool, and somewhat haughty, yet he did not seem angry or unkind.

A VILLAIN COWED.

"Well," he said, "I am at home once more, as you see."

Maggie saw it very plainly; but she made no reply. She could not speak so falsely as to tell him that she was glad to see him; nor did she consider that there was any necessity of telling him that she was sorry he had come. He noticed that she was perplexed, and thinking, perhaps, that she feared him, he continued:

"You have no occasion for alarm, Maggie Burns. However much reason I may have for disliking you, I shall not take advantage of your present situation to do you harm. In fact, I have no will or desire to harm you in any way. I am aware that you are here to nurse poor Hecuba; and I am also aware that Scipio has come back to his old charge. Before I explain further I have one or two questions to ask. How is Hecuba now?"

"She is very low, sir,—very low, indeed. She has suffered much, and seems well nigh worn down."

"Is it your desire to remain with her?"

Maggie hesitated about answering this question. She had several reasons for being careful how she committed herself on the subject of her care for Hecuba.

"If you wish to remain with her," pursued the baronet, "you are at liberty so to do."

Why did he eye her so sharply, as though he would read her very thoughts? Was it not that he might judge how great was her devotion to the poor maniac? and, judging thus, that he might guess if she knew the secret of Hecuba's former station in life? At any rate, so ran Maggie's thoughts, and she determined that she would betray no knowledge which she had gained of the poor woman's story.

"I feel it to be my duty, sir, to help the suffering woman all I can," she replied, with open frankness. "When you went away she was left with no one to care for her, and I could not leave her then. Since that time I have become attached to her; and, if the only question involved were, whether to remain with Hecuba, or leave her to the care of others, I should decide to remain."

"Very well," returned Glengyle; "it shall be just as you wish. And, if you are to remain, there is one thing I wish to say to you. I am not in the habit of making explanations touching my doings, but in this case I shall make a departure from my usual practice. From some things in the past, it might appear to you that I had meant to injure Hecuba or Scipio; but such is not the case. I was a servant of the king, and meant to be a loyal subject; and, having reason to believe that Scipio was in the habit of conveying important intelligence to the rebels, I determined to arrest him, and send him over to the English camp, which I did. I know that he was all that I suspected, and in his apprehension I did what I conceived to be a duty. Of course the sending away of Scipio made it necessary that Hecuba should be brought hither, as I could not leave her alone to freeze and die; but before I could turn my attention to arrangements for her nursing, I was very unexpectedly called away. And now I have simply to add that I am anxious that Hecuba should have the best of care. Scipio may remain in safety, and so may you remain."

He had spoken with seeming frankness, but Maggie did not stop then to question the truth of what he had said. One of the most important subjects to her he had not touched upon.

"Before I can give you an answer, sir," she said, "I must know the whereabouts of Louis Griswold."

"Ah," returned the host, with a very slight smile, "that brings another explanation; and I will tell you how I happen to be here without your asking. The belligerents have made an exchange of prisoners, and I was fortunate enough to be turned off against a rebel storekeeper. But poor Griswold was not so lucky. He is tight in prison, and is likely to remain there. So you have nothing to fear from him. I don't blame you for being particular concerning him."

The baronet drummed upon the table a moment, and then added, in a free, off-hand way,—"You have the whole case now, and you can act your own pleasure. I shall take charge here, and shall also provide every possible comfort for Hecuba. If you and your mother wish to remain, you are at liberty so to do. Aye, and more still: I should like to have you stay; for your nursing of the invalid would be of great assistance to me."

Maggie said she would confer with her mother, and give him an answer in the evening.

"I might have spoken with your mother before I saw you," returned Sir John; "but I did not think of it. However, you can make such explanations to her as you please, and that will answer every purpose."

Maggie found her mother alone, and considerably worried on account of the arrival of Sir John, of which event she had been informed by Cato. The daughter gave a detailed report of her interview with the baronet, after which the mother had many questions to ask touching points in the narrative which she did not fully understand.

"Why did you not give him a direct answer?" said the widow. "You must have known that I should be governed entirely by your wishes in the matter."

"I wanted time for reflection," replied Maggie. "I had much to think of, and I wished to think of it calmly. Of course I cannot leave Hecuba. It is a sacred charge which has been given to me, and I will be faithful while life lasts. To me, personally, there may be no present danger, for I think John Glengyle told me truly when he said that Louis Griswold was still in prison. And yet I believe he lied to me in other things. Concerning his feelings towards the poor maniac woman I am sure he spoke falsely. I watched his countenance narrowly, and I could detect the play of his false heart. He hates that woman; and so he hates me. But he *fears* her, while me he does not fear. I could see all this, and in this difference lies my safety."

"We must not leave Hecuba," said Mrs. Burns, emphatically; "and yet you must not feel too secure."

"I shall not trust my safety wholly in the hands of John Glengyle," returned Maggie. "I know him too well. But he must not see that we suspect or doubt him. While we care for our patient, we will watch him. He does not dream how much we know of Hecuba's history; and I would not have him even suspect it; so we must be very careful, and keep constant guard over our tongues. He may try to examine us, as designing lawyers sometimes try to examine unwary witnesses, but he must gain nothing."

The widow promised that she would be very circumspect. She realized all that her daughter would impress upon her, and was prepared to meet the emergencies as they might arise.

In the evening Maggie met the baronet in the parlor, and informed him that she and her mother would remain at Waldvale, and nurse the suffering maniac. He simply nodded his acceptance of her decision, remarking, as she turned to leave, that for the present she might consider Hecuba as wholly in her charge.

CHAPTER XX.

GATHERING FOR A STORM!

The servants at Waldvale—the groom, and the woodman, and the cook, and the maids—trembled with apprehension when they knew that their master had returned; for they expected nothing but harsh language and ill usage. But, as the days passed on, and John Glengyle met and accosted them as though nothing unusual had happened, their fears wore away, and they settled down into contented quiet.

Not so, however, with old Cato. His intellect was not so bright as that of some; but his perceptions were keen, and his intuition far-reaching. He knew very well that his master was not acting himself. It was not in the nature of John Glengyle to be so moderate in his speech and so circumspect in his behavior.

"I tell ye, Miss Maggie, dis kind ob stuff don't shut Cato's eyes up quite. When ye see Mas'r Glengyle so berry perlite an' humble, ye may know dat dar's sumf'n a brewin'. I know him."

"You are right, Cato," was Maggie's response. "I think the man needs watching; and I am watching him."

"So is dis chile a watchin' ob him, too. Smash his ole brack heart, I know him. What does he say '*good mornin' Cato,*' for, when he sees me? I'd like to know dat. He nebber used to be so mitey perlite—not a bit ob it. I tell ye, he's up to some kind ob mischief."

As has been intimated, John Glengyle was apparently a changed man in his household. When he met his servants he treated them with marked respect; and when he met Maggie and her mother he appeared to be kind and condescending. Even old Scipio he met with a smile.

What did all this mean? What was the baronet thinking about during the long hours of his seclusion—when he remained shut up in his own room, and when he rode away, unattended, into the woods? What was he dreaming of when he walked up and down the large hall in the night? What were the words he muttered to himself?

One day Sir John met Maggie in the dining-room, and he told her that he believed he should call a physician to see Hecuba.

"Perhaps you have heard of Doctor Andros?" he said.

Yes,—Maggie had heard of him. She had heard her mother speak of him.

"Well," pursued the host, "he is an excellent physician, and has had much experience in treating the insane. He left Philadelphia some weeks ago, and went to New York; but his patients have persuaded him to return. I have made up my mind to send for him. I feel that it is a duty."

Maggie liked the idea, and freely said so.

On the following morning Thomas Grimes, the groom, was dispatched to Philadelphia, and in due time Dr. Andros came. He arrived towards evening, and after taking a little refreshment, he went up to see the maniac. He spent almost an hour with her. He found her in a state of exhaustion, and he left her raving.

"What do you think of her?" asked the host, as the two sat together over their wine.

"I think she must die."

"Do you?"

Sir John spoke very quickly, and with such evident satisfaction, that the doctor could not help noticing it.

"I think," he added, "that death would be a blessing to her. She is a poor, unfortunate creature; and I have done all I could for her; but, if her suffering cannot be soothed, I would rather see her die, than see her live only to suffer such extreme agony as she has been suffering."

"I understand you," said Andros; "and I appreciate your feelings. The woman must have had a constitution of iron, or she could not have survived the shock she has already received. But she cannot stand it much longer. A few more days of such raving as I saw an hour ago will carry her off—you can depend upon that. Medicine can do her no good."

"Then nothing can be done to save her?"

"No. If she lives, it must be by the power of her own system to lift itself above the malady, which I think is hardly possible."

"Won't you take another glass of wine, doctor? This is pure old Burgundy, and has been a score of years in bottle to my certain knowledge. It is not your raw, rank stuff that heats the blood like pepper. Shall I help you?"

The doctor took another glass, and complimented the beverage very highly.

"By the way," said Sir John, sipping his wine as he spoke, "don't you remember, the last time you were here, that I asked you some questions on this very subject of lunacy?"

"Yes," replied Andros, "I remember it very well."

"I have often thought," pursued the host, "what a curious coincidence it was. I had little idea then that I should so soon have a case of rabid lunacy under my own roof."

"It is a coincidence," said the doctor, nodding over his glass.

"And," added Sir John, "I have thought much of what you said about maniacs regaining their reason; and I have wondered if it could be a possible thing for this poor woman to recover her senses."

"There is one thing certain," returned Andros, with a smile: "She cannot recover her reason till she overcomes the malady which is now upon her."

"But, my dear doctor, suppose she should overcome the malady, do you think it likely that she could ever be a sound-minded woman again?"

"It is not likely, Sir John; but still it is not absolutely impossible. If I were called upon to give my decision, I should say there was just about one chance in ten thousand."

"I declare, doctor, this wine is excellent. I think I rather prefer it to Port, don't you?"

"I think it full as good; though Port is my favorite wine."

"Ah,—I remember. Well, well,—you shall try a bottle to-morrow. See the color of the generous nectar.—See how it catches and holds the rays of the lamp. But—I was going to say—let's see:—Ah, I was going to ask what would be the symtoms, supposing a person in this woman's situation were about to recover?"

"It would be," replied the doctor, "an utter prostration of the whole system, almost like death. Should this last long enough to give the brain rest and recuperation, and there be still vitality enough to hold the heart to it's pulsations, there might be an awakening to life and reason."

John Glengyle drank off his wine, and then spoke of the war, thus leading the conversation into a new channel. They talked until near midnight, when Andros was shown to his room, after which the host sought his own rest.

Dr. Andros remained at Waldvale three days; and his last visit to the chamber of the maniac was in company with Maggie. He had at first formed a strong prejudice against the girl, having heard much of her rampant rebel proclivities; but as he became acquainted with her he liked her. He could not help it. And he said to himself that the cause which enlisted such hearts as hers could not be altogether bad.

It was early in the morning when he and Maggie stood by Hecuba's bed; and the sufferer was asleep.

"Can she live?" asked the maiden.

The doctor shook his head very slowly and dubiously.

"She will not suffer much more," he said. "She cannot. Her system will not bear it."

"You think death will come to her relief?"

"You have spoken my thoughts, Miss Burns."

"I feared so, sir."

"Yet," added Andros, "it is not impossible that she may recover. If she dies, she will die ere many days. You must keep her as quiet as possible. Nothing more can be done for her."

John Glengyle had made preparations to go to Philadelphia with Dr. Andros. He said he had some business which he wished to transact. He meant to be gone only one night; and he gave Maggie charge of Waldvale during his absence.

Was it possible that John Glengyle could be acting as he felt? Had he really come to like Maggie, and to trust her thus because he respected her? He held her by the hand before he left, and told her that he felt perfectly safe in leaving his house in her care, and he hoped that she would make herself as free and comfortable as though the place were her own.

"And," he added, "you must be careful of poor Hecuba. If she must die, I wish to feel that everything was done for her that could be done while she was beneath my roof. And if she is to live, I would have the satisfaction of knowing that her sufferings were made less through my agency. I shall be back to-morrow, if possible."

Was he honest?

Maggie asked herself this question many times; but she could not answer it to her satisfaction. If he was honest, then she had misjudged him; and if he was acting the hypocrite, then was he a greater villain than she had ever dared to think him.

On the evening of the next day the baronet returned, and having inquired after Hecuba, and learned that she was about the same as when he left, he repaired to his own room. He had purchased some few articles in the city. He had some colorless liquid in a phial, and some white powder in a paper. These he put away in one of the drawers of his cabinet, and then went to bed. On the following morning he went to the cabinet and took these same things out from the drawer, and held them in his hand for some moments, all the while muttering to himself, as though he did not know exactly what he should do. Finally he put the phial and the paper into his waistcoat pocket, and then went out to take the fresh air. The weather was extremely cold and unpleasant; but he did not seem to notice it. He walked, slowly and thoughtfully, as though the icy chill had no effect upon him; and ever and anon he pressed his hand upon the pocket where he had put the paper and the phial. This was in the morning. He passed the day alone, occasionally asking how it was with Hecuba.

In the evening he sat up long after the servants had retired. He sat alone in a small drawing-room which looked out upon the piazza, and while sitting thus he was startled by a low rap upon one of the windows. He seized a loaded pistol and listened. The rap was repeated, and he arose and went to the window; but it was so dark without that he could not see whether any one was there or not. In a moment after he had pulled the curtain aside he heard his name distinctly pronounced.

"Who is it?"

"Are you alone?" was the reply from without.

"I am alone, but armed."

"Then let me in, for I am cold and hungry."

Ha! Sir John knew that voice, and as quickly as possible he went to the front door, and allowed the applicant to come in.

"My dear Captain, I have been expecting you for some time. They held you longer than I expected."

"Aye," returned Louis Griswold, with an oath, "they kept me to the extent of their wishes, I hope. But here I am at last; and I am cold, too. I thought it best to come in the night; and to come secretly, too."

"You did well," said the host. "And now for a good warming."

Griswold took a seat by the fire; and when he had warmed his outer man by the cheerful heat from the blazing logs, and warmed the inner man by generous potations from the brandy bottle, he told his story.

"I came very near being exchanged when you were," he said; "but they took it into their heads to give one of those confounded Hessians the preference over me. However, my turn came at length; and here I am. I learned at Newtown that some of our particular friends were still with you; and, as I wished to see you without being seen by them, I thought it best to come in the night. Had I not found you up, I should have kept on to the Ferry, and sent you a letter from there."

Sir John was pleased that his friend had been so considerate, and after some few questions touching the state of other prisoners, he remarked:

"The persons of whom you have spoken are here, and it is well that you have come without their knowledge; for under existing circumstances I would not frighten them."

"Maggie Burns is here?" said Griswold.

"Yes."

"And how long do you wish her to remain here?"

"I am not particular as to that," replied the host. "If you mean to ask me if I am willing to give her up to you, I answer YES, most readily; but it must be done carefully, my dear Captain. You see exactly how I am situated. Should my hand appear in the work of her abduction, it might be bad for me. I have given her every reason to believe that I am her friend, and I prefer that it should still so appear. You understand me?"

"Perfectly, Sir John."

"Then," resumed the baronet, "if you take the girl, it must be done by stratagem. Can you find two good men to help you?"

"Yes. I know where I can have them at any hour."

John Glengyle sipped a little wine, and after thinking awhile, he said:

"I have not forgotten the cause of hatred I had against Maggie Burns months ago; nor have I forgotten that she was the direct instrument of my apprehension and imprisonment; and hence I am more than ever inclined to deliver her up to your keeping. Come here to-morrow night, with such help as you need to take her away, and I will have some plan prepared for placing her within your reach."

"By the life of me, Sir John, she shall be slipped away without any trouble at all, and without any disturbance; and when I once get her within my power, I don't mean that she shall escape me. At what hour shall I come?"

"You had better be here by nine o'clock. Come up through the park. I will be here in this room. You can throw some bits of ice against the windows, and I will let you in, and give your party concealment until the prize is ready for capture."

This was pleasant—very. It was a capital plan.

"Now let us see who shall snatch Maggie from me," said Louis Griswold, as he arose to depart. "Master Roderic is safe in Morristown, where I have no doubt he is performing doughty deeds; and when he returns, if he lives to see that time, he'll find his lady-love already appropriated. I'll off now, my good Sir John, before any of the servants see me, and be here again at the hour you have set. One drop more of your brandy, just to keep out the biting frost. So.—And now I must bid you good night."

When Louis Griswold had gone, the host spent some minutes in walking up and down his room. He may have been anxious, but his anxiety had nothing to do with the work he had just been planning. No—for Maggie Burns he had no thought or sympathy. It was now very near midnight, and as he went towards his chamber, he had an inclination to see Hecuba. He went to the door of her apartment, and knocked, and Scipio admitted him. The negro was alone with the maniac.

"How is it with the poor woman to-night?" the baronet asked, in a whisper.

"I do' no, mas'r. She am cur'us. She hab laid jus' dis way ebber since dis arternoon. Only once, 'bout two hours ago, she opened her eyes, an' ax'd for wine."

Sir John was startled. This long repose was a symptom which had been explained to him.

"Did you give her wine, Scipio?"

"No, mas'r,—I didn't hab none."

"That should not be. If she is fainting, or failing, a draught of wine might help her much. Where is Cato?—I'll send him for some."

"Cato's gone to bed."

"Then I'll go and get a bottle myself. By my soul, the poor creature shall not lack for comfort, if so slight a thing can afford it."

With this John Glengyle went out, and went down into his wine-cellar; and when he had selected a bottle of the best, he sat down, and untied the string, and removed the cork. Then he took the little paper from his pocket—the paper which he had brought from Philadelphia—and poured the white powder all into the bottle.

"It will not hurt the flavor of the wine; and it may rest her!" he muttered to himself, while he replaced the cork, and tied the string again. "It must give her rest," he continued, shaking the bottle as he spoke. "A glass of it will rest her forever!"

He carried the wine up to the maniac's room, and gave it to the old negro.

"It is my choicest, oldest wine," he said, "and you must not waste it. I have but a few bottles left of the same kind."

The bottle was cold and covered with dust; the cork tied down, and a damp, blue mould gathered about it; and Scipio suspected nothing out of the way. He thanked the baronet for his kindness, and said he should give Hecuba some of it when she woke up.

CHAPTER XXI.

THE STORM BURSTS!

In the morning, when Maggie came into the chamber of the suffering woman, she saw the strange bottle, and she asked Scipio whence it came. He told her that he had spoken to Sir John of Hecuba's asking for wine, and that the host had gone and brought this bottle.

"He says it am berry nice an' good, an' dat it am berry old, too."

"It looks old," remarked Maggie, as she took up the bottle, and examined it; "and I have no doubt it is very good. And now go to your rest, Scipio, and leave our patient with me."

When the old negro had gone Maggie went and sat down by the bed. The poor maniac was wasted away almost to a shadow, and the hand which she had thrown up by her wan cheek was thin and attenuated even to transparency. She breathed very lightly, and at long intervals, as though the vital organs were gradually losing their power. By and by she moved uneasily, and opened her eyes. The light of those sunken orbs was dim and uncertain, and it seemed to be some moments ere she could command her senses at all, even for speech.

"Where is my Charon?" she finally asked. It was in a low, hoarse whisper, and with something of a struggle.

"Charon has gone to rest, good Hecuba." Maggie reached over and brushed her hand lightly over the sufferer's brow.

"Is Hector dead?"

"I hope not."

"I saw his body, bare and bleeding."

"But I hope he may have recovered."

"Where is Andromache?"

"I am here, mother."

"Good Andromanche, I am very weak. Give me the cup. Let me quaff the Falernian juice. It strengthened Priam, and it may strengthen me."

At first Maggie thought only of getting the wine; but as she moved away from the bed it struck her that a remarkable change had taken place in Hecuba's manner. She had never heard the woman speak in so rational a tone before. What did it mean? With this thought fairly startling her to all sorts of strange imaginings she went to the side board, and took up the bottle which John Glengyle had brought. In a moment another thought occupied her mind. As yet Hecuba had received nothing which had passed through the hands of the baronet. There might be no danger. In all probability there was none. Of course the man could not do so wicked a thing as to give deadly wine. She would not cherish such a suspicion. And still she had not yet departed from the rule she adopted when she first took charge of the patient. Thus far her own hand had prepared every thing, and at this critical moment she would not depart from her safe course. It would be difficult to analyze the maiden's feelings as she meditated over that dust covered bottle. She did not believe—perhaps she did not even think—that there was danger lurking in the ruby wine; but still she had deep-seated dread of John Glengyle; and what he might do she could not tell.

"At all events," she finally murmured to herself, "there is one perfectly sure course. If I do not use this wine, it cannot possibly do any harm."

She had wine of her own—some that Moses Allen had brought her—and she went to her chamber and brought a bottle of it. From this she poured out a small quantity, and Hecuba drank it.

"Does it make you feel better?" Maggie asked.

The woman gazed up, with a dim look, but did not seem to see anything.

"Who are you?" she asked.

"Andromache."

"Then where is Hector?"

"He is away. He may return ere long."

"Where is my—my——" The voice sank to an inaudible whisper, and died away; and once more the maniac sank into a still, deep sleep.

An hour passed away, and Hecuba made no sign or motion of uneasiness. She breathed regularly, though faintly, and upon her brow had gathered a warm moisture. By and by Maggie's eyes rested upon the bottle on the sideboard; and she thought she would remove it. Should her mother see it, she would wish to know what it was; and if Scipio should see it he would ask why it had not been opened. She did not wish to answer any questions concerning it, because her fancies might be very foolish; so she concluded that she would carry it away before any one came. Hecuba was so quiet and easy that there could be no danger in leaving her a few minutes. She took the bottle and hid it beneath her apron, and carried it down into the cellar. The door of the wine-vault was open, and she saw a shelf where other bottles stood, and, by the dim light which came down from the stairway, she could see that these other bottles were old and dust-covered, like the one she bore, and she set it up beside them, and then glided back to her place of watching. Maggie felt easier when this was done,—not that she had averted any danger, but because she had put away a subject that might have brought to her perplexing questions.

Towards the middle of the forenoon Mrs. Burns came in, and Maggie went and did the work in her own chamber. At noon Scipio came, and shortly afterwards Hecuba opened her eyes again. This time she spoke but very little, seeming to have no idea of anything about her. She did not appear to see those who stood by her bedside, nor did she take the least notice of what was said to her. Her eyes wandered with a vacant stare, and her hands sought her brow, and were pressed together for some time. She seemed so very weak, and the pulsations of her heart were so feeble, that Maggie concluded to offer her more wine. When she was asked if she would have wine, she made no reply, but when the cup was placed to her lips she drank all that was offered her. Awhile longer she gazed around, with that same expressionless stare, and then sank to sleep.

"Is she dyin'?" asked Scipio.

"I don't know," was Maggie's answer.

"God's will be done!" said Mrs. Burns, reverently.

"I fear she is sinking!" whispered the maiden, bending over the bed. "Her breathing is very, very low."

"Well, well," murmured the faithful old negro, brushing a tear from his cheek, "she'll be better off, I hope. O, bress her poor dear soul, how much I hab seed her suffer! I shan't see her suffer no more!"

All that afternoon the maniac lay like one in a trance.

Towards evening John Glengyle met Scipio in the hall, and asked him how Hecuba was.

"Bress de Lord ob Israel, mas'r, I'se afear'd she's a dyin'. O, she am berry poorly. She haint got no bref, an' she can't see noffin, an' she don't know nobody."

"Has she drank of the wine, Scipio?"

"Yes, mas'r; she's drank it two or free times, but I guess 'twont help her."

"I am very sorry for that—very sorry indeed. But do all you can for her, Scipio. Get anything she wants. If she wants more wine, you can get it yourself from the cellar."

As the negro went away he felt sure that John Glengyle had grown very kind and humane; and he expressed this opinion to Maggie, and to Mrs. Burns.

When John Glengyle went to his sitting-room he felt sure that the maniac woman would soon be out of his way; and already he breathed more freely in contemplation of the expected result. He talked with himself; and he told himself that he should be perfectly safe when Hecuba was dead and buried.

"And," he went on, "when she is out of my way, I can afford to espouse the Patriot cause if it seems likely to prosper. I must act with those who will be most likely to protect me in the enjoyment of my property."

John Glengyle was a calculating man.

The evening came, and the hours wore on until nine o'clock. The baronet, as he sat by his fire, heard something strike against his window. He arose and went to the door, and Louis Griswold quickly made his appearance.

"My dear Captain, you are just in time. Are your men with you?"

"Yes."

"Bring them in—right into my room—and make no noise. The coast is clear."

In a little while Griswold came in, followed by two villainous-looking fellows, and entered the drawing-room. Then he went out into the hall, where the host had remained, closing the door upon his companions.

"You have not given those fellows to understand that I have anything to do with this?" said Sir John.

"No," replied the Captain. "They do not dream of such a thing. They know that you have permitted them to accompany me, but I have assured them that the work which I had in hand was to be done without your knowledge. You may trust me, Sir John. I know your wishes, and you shall not be implicated in the least. And now how is it? Is there to be any chance of taking the prize to-night?"

"I think there is, Captain. Maggie Burns is watching now with the sick woman, and before she retires she will be likely to come down stairs. She always does. You know where the passage is?"

"Yes."

"And you know there are plenty of places for concealment?"

"Yes."

"Then manage as you please. My servants are all abed, and the rear doors shall be open for you. What more can I do?"

"Nothing."

Evening came, and the night wore on; but Hecuba did not come out from the deep slumber. Scipio was sure she was dying.

"And yet," said Mrs. Burns, after having expressed her own fears, "she really seems more natural than ever before. Her breathing is more regular, and has none of that spasmodic heaving. And the color of her face, too, is better, and her skin feels softer and warmer. But we cannot tell how it will terminate."

"I have my fears," murmured Maggie. "It doesn't seem to me that she can recover. I feel sad and gloomy."

"I don't wonder," returned her mother, regarding her child anxiously. "You have been watching too long, and are yourself worn and weary. Do you go to bed now, and leave me here. I slept all last night, and it is my turn to-night."

"But," said Maggie, "if there should be any change."

"If there is any, I will call you; so have no anxiety on that score. Please me, my child, and go to your rest."

The maiden felt the need of rest, and without further remark she took her candle, and prepared to go. She kissed her mother, and having taken one more look at the sleeping woman, she left the room. She went to her chamber and got her pitcher, as was her custom before she retired, intending to go down and get some water. She had reached the lower hall, and was moving along through the passage that led to the kitchen, when a slight sound close by her side attracted her attention. There was a door at her left hand, and she saw that it was open; but before she could make any further observations, a thick, heavy cloth was thrown over her head, and her arms were seized from behind. Quick as thought she was pulled back upon the floor; the sack drawn tightly about her neck and shoulders; and her arms bound behind her. She struggled, and tried to cry out, but her limbs were powerless for help, and her voice was completely smothered. In this situation she was lifted up, and borne away out of the house. She knew when she reached the open air, and she knew that those who bore her were tracking through the snow. Ever and anon she could hear the hum of rough voices, but she could distinguish nothing that was said. The grip upon her limbs, where the ruffians clutched their merciless hands, pained her exceedingly, but she had to bear it.

On, on,—Maggie could not tell how long, nor how far,—and she was placed upon the back of a horse, where she was held by a stout man who rode behind her. Then it was on again, over the ice and through the snow, until she was fairly benumbed with cold. Finally the horse was stopped, and she was borne into a building of some kind, where she was placed upon a seat; and in a little while the sack was removed from her head. She was in a small, filthy apartment, with a narrow, deep fire-place, within which some hickory logs were burning, the close atmosphere being loaded with the fumes of tobacco smoke. Near to her was a low pine table, and upon it a bottle, a pewter cup, some pipes, and a lighted candle; while at no great distance stood Louis Griswold! At the sight of this man the blood leaped through her veins so quickly that the effects of the cold were overcome, and she started up from her chair.

"So, Miss Maggie," said the villain, in a satanic tone, "you are fairly mine. It was done rather summarily, hasn't it?"

Maggie Burns looked into his face, but she made no reply.

"We shall need no mummery of priestly ceremony now, my sweet one. Perhaps you did not expect this. You weren't quite prepared, were you?"

"Louis Griswold, what you do mean?"

"Oho,—you needn't put on those airs, Maggie. They won't have any effect now, only to make it harder for yourself. You know very well what I mean. Don't you know that I have loved you for long years. At any rate, it has been over a year. You didn't think, when you repulsed me so scornfully, that I had the power in my own hands. No, no,—you didn't think of this. But so it is, my sweet, as you now have proof."

"O, poor, miserable wretch!" said Maggie, speaking from the very depths of her indignation and loathing. "You have done a deed in every way worthy of you. The seizing of a poor, defenceless girl, in the dead of night, by stout, strong men, and tearing her from her vigils by the side of a dying friend, is fit work for one who stands where you stand! You have accomplished much, sir!"

"I have accomplished enough," retorted Griswold, stung to the quick by the girl's words. "I have got you, and that is what I have long sought. You are mine now, past all redemption."

"Aye,—past redemption!"

"No. You may kill me, and then I am surely redeemed. You can do no more."

"Ah, but I don't mean to kill you. I can't afford it. You are too dear for that."

For a moment Maggie shrank and trembled with horror. Her arms were bound, and she was defenceless; but the emotion quickly passed, and her pride of feeling came back to her. The foul wretch should not see her quail. She looked him full in the face, and stoutly said:

"Louis Griswold, I am not afraid to die. If you harm me, the danger is yours. If you do me wrong, and then kill me, I shall be redeemed. If you do me wrong, and I have life spared to me afterwards, I will kill you! Aye,—I will kill you, though I watch for days and for nights, with sleepless eyes, for the opportunity; and when the work is done, I will feel that I have done a righteous deed! It is Maggie Burns who speaks these words!"

The villain took a step back, he could not help it. There was a fire in the maiden's eye and a power in her words that absolutely forced him back. But he remembered that he had the power at the present time, and he fancied that he knew how to use it.

"I have heard Maggie Burns speak," he said, when he had recovered himself, "and do you now listen and hear Louis Griswold speak." He was mad, and his words came forth with a hissing sound. "I will put you into a foul, loathsome dungeon, where corruption is rank, and where the rats shall scent the flavor of your wasting flesh, and there you shall stay until you unbend from your stubborn purpose. If your redemption of death comes at all, it shall come in a shape so terrible that all the agonies of all the martyrs shall be bound up in your torture! Do you understand me now?"

With all the resolution she could summon the poor girl still held up her head, and looked the demon in the face. She knew that to faint before him would seal her fate.

"I have heard you," she said, "and you have heard me. I am bound, and I am your prisoner."

"And," returned Griswold, "this night you shall remain bound, for I must leave you where you are. You may cool down by morning. You are in snug quarters, and if you are sleepy, you can sleep in your chair, or lie down upon the floor. When you grow reasonable, you may look for milder treatment. If you suffer this night, you may be assured that it is a night of rest and comfort in comparison with the nights that are to come, if your stubbornness continues! I will see you in the morning, and very early at that."

With this the villain turned from the room, and Maggie was left alone. The cord upon her arms pained her; and when the excitement subsided she felt weak and faint. In a little while the fire would go out, and then the room would be cold and desolate, for even now the icy blast crept in at the holes and crannies, and there was no bed and no covering. But what of all this! How the words rang in her ears which the demon had spoken:—"*It is a night of rest and comfort in comparison with the nights that are to come!*"

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.]

The Nightingale.—The nightingale, so far from being handsome, is of a remarkably common presence; yet has he, "within, that which passeth show." No person, to look at him, would set any value upon him. This bears out the old favorite saying—that nature never gives rare excellences and a handsome person united. Look at the beautiful plumage of many foreign birds—yet have they no voice. Exquisite in form—of faultless symmetrical proportions—yet not one particle of music, or of vocal melody, is there among the entire tribe! Here, again, we find practical instruction; and learn how vain is beauty without mind. We never see any of these gaudy automata without a feeling of pity. They were never intended by Nature to be immured in cages. They cannot be said to "live" here—theirs is an "existence" only; for they are never well, never happy. They suffer a martyrdom in their confinement, and die in the very prime of life.

WATER LILIES.

A ROMANCE FULL OF REALITY.

BY AMY RANDOLPH.

The jewelled hands of Miss Arden's little Geneva watch just rested on the figure seven.

Sunset among the White Mountains! No artist's pencil ever illuminated dumb canvas with half the splendor that glowed upon this great everlasting picture! The sun hung like a circle of amber fire above the tops of those dark pines that stand, eternal sentinels, upon the crests of the frowning peaks, while already the purple shadows of twilight had begun to brood over the fragrant glens and cool ravines in the valley below. The carriage-road wound along the mountain side, on one of those shelving slopes that form natural terraces upon our loftiest crags. Above, a perfect sea of forest, broken into ripples of light and shade by every stir of the delicious wind, rose darkly against the horizon, while just below a broad sheet of water glistened from its wooded surrounding, like a diamond half buried in a bank of emerald moss.

"O, how beautiful—how beautiful!" escaped almost unconsciously from Bertha Arden's lips, as she leaned with crimson cheeks, and clasped hands, from the carriage-window, her brown curls blown about her face, in very picturesque confusion, by the capricious summer breeze. She looked prettier at that instant, the haughty city belle, in her straw gipsey, with its broad blue ribbon, and a white barége mantle drawn lightly around her shoulders, than ever she had done in the crowded ball-room, robed in rose-colored silk, with japonicas in her hair and pearls around her wrists! So thought the two gentlemen sitting opposite, who had uncomplainingly given up the brilliant saloons of Saratoga and the salt winds of Newport, to accompany Miss Arden into these pine-guarded solitudes, on the mere chance of getting a smile or an occasional gracious glance from the beauty of the season. Miss Arden was tired of Saratoga—Newport was getting to be too general a resort—*she* was going to recruit in the loneliest ravines of the glorious old White Mountains! And in less than a week Howard Wayne and Ellerton Morville discovered that *they* had for a long time been desiring to explore the mountain glens!

Imagine the astonishment of these interesting youths, each of whom imagined he had kept his project a profound secret from the other, on encountering suddenly at the unpretending little village hotel! As for Miss Arden, she was too much accustomed to unlimited homage, to be surprised at anything!

"Shake hands, Morville, and let's have a fair and even contest for the prize," said Wayne, with a laugh, and thus the amicable tournament begun. Here they were, a fortnight afterward, escorting Miss Arden and her mother about, with the great question which had attracted them thither still in *statu quo*.

"Wal, I calc'late it's a pretty sightly spot," said Elnathan Starkey, the free and independent charioteer, who considered it rather a point of etiquette to join graciously in the conversation.

There was no reply for an instant. Morville was watching the lovely and animated countenance opposite, and Wayne was secretly wondering how long it would be ere he might safely indulge in the luxury of a cigar.

"And oh, mamma," pursued the young beauty, "what are those exquisite flowers like white stars, that float among their broad green leaves upon the surface of the water?"

"Them's lily-pads!" explained Elnathan, with laudable succinctness.

"Water-lilies? the blossoms that poets so revel in? O, if I only had a few!"

"They can't be got at, nohow—water's too shaller for a boat, and too deep to wade in, 'cause the plaguy roots is all in a tangle. 'Taint safe to venter—Ebenezer Stebbins tried to get some, to fix up the keepin'-room, when Sally Ann Hawley was married, and he like to got drownded!"

"I assure you, Miss Arden, nothing short of actual impossibility should prevent me from crowning you with water-lilies!" said Howard Wayne, lightly. "Are you *sure* I could not obtain a few, my good fellow?"

"Sartin sure, Squire," responded Elnathan, chewing industriously away at a bit of straw.

"How provoking!" said Bertha, with a scarcely perceptible pout of her scarlet under-lip. "You may drive on, Elnathan."

But long after the horses were moving onward Bertha leaned out, looking back at the waxen stars that lay as motionless on the crystal tide as if they were carved in pearl, and Ellerton Morville observed the whole scene with a quiet resolution in his innermost brain.

The air was full of blue, transparent haze—the woods were all alive with silver-voiced birds, and along the eastern sky the crimson stains of dawn grew redder and brighter with every moment. The wild roses on the quiet shore of that lonely little lakelet were just opening their pink cups, when Morville and Elnathan Starkey pushed aside the drooping branches and emerged into the open space.

"I *know* I can get some," said Morville, earnestly. "How superbly they float there, like white-robed water nymphs!"

"They're dretful pretty, I'll allow," said Elnathan, dubiously, "but for all that, they're not wuth resking a feller's neck for!"

"That depends on circumstances," said Morville, gaily.

"Wal, Squire," persisted Starkey, putting his hands argumentatively in his pockets, "you'll jist remember I sot myself steady agin this here expedition. All I 'greed to dew was to show you the foofpath, and I won't take *no* further responsibility. Ef ye don't calc'late to listen to reason—there he goes, sure's I'm alive! Got the real grit in him, anyhow."

And Elnathan broke into a broad grin of approbation, as Morville stepped boldly into the shallow tide towards the mass of snowy cups and broad glossy leaves that lay like a bright embroidery on the surface of the water. Nearer and nearer he drew, cautiously selecting his footing, and avoiding the treacherous tangles of green, snaky roots and stems that were partially concealed by the opaque water, until one superb white star lay just within his reach! He detached it instantly, and waved it laughingly towards the shore.

"Pretty well done!" ejaculated Elnathan, in a stentorian voice of applause. "Keerful now, and don't slip—raly, I didn't s'pose it could be done!"

Blossom after blossom Morville gathered—some with long trailing stems and dripping leaves, others half opened, and a few wax-like buds streaked and tinted with delicate crimson. But, just as he turned shoreward, a slight misstep brought him into deep water—his foot caught in the network of undergrowth, and the last he remembered was a chill striking to his heart, and a rushing sound in his ears, like the thunders of Niagara. The dawn-light trembled serenely over the hills—the water-lilies tossed back and forth upon the disturbed tide, but there was something whiter and more ghastly far, that gleamed an instant among their blooms, and then sank slowly—slowly—down!

"I knew how it would be!" ejaculated Elnathan Starkey between his set teeth, as he threw off his coat and sprang breathlessly down the bank. "Gracious Heaven! that a man should risk his life for a few water-lilies!"

"A little more hot water, mother—don't be afeared of gettin' too much mustard in it—now where's them flanning wrappers?"

"Here they be," said Widow Starkey. "There's a bit of color coming back to his cheeks now, poor boy—he'll do well enough, I guess! Dew try and get them flowers out of his hands—it's most a death-grip, I do declare! What on airth possessed you both, Elnathan? Didn't you know how unsafe 'twas?"

"Jest put 'em into a bucket of water, mother," said Elnathan; "when a feller's taken such pains for the green trash, there aint no need to throw it away. Hallo, Squire, how d'ye feel now?"

Ellerton Morville had fallen into very good hands. The Widow Starkey was an excellent nurse, and Elnathan was nearly her equal in his way, so that in an hour or two the adventurous youth, who had so narrowly escaped death by drowning, was exceedingly comfortable.

"Now you jest stay here till I can get up to the village, arter your traps, Squire," said Elnathan, finally, and Morville saw no alternative but to consent as graciously as was possible.

Would any of the young gentleman's New York acquaintances have recognized him, as he reclined in a stiff-backed chair, in Widow Starkey's "keepin'-room," alternately consoling himself with a worn volume of "Alonzo and Melissa," (Elnathan's entire miscellaneous library,) and feasting his eyes upon the pallid beauty of those dearly-won water-lilies? We imagine not. In lieu of the elegant Turkish dressing-robe that formed his usual *deshabille*, a woollen "loose gound" of Mrs. Starkey's, dyed a brilliant indigo blue, wrapped his manly proportions. The shortness of the sleeves was irremediable, but a pair of Elnathan's long gray mixed stockings supplied deficiencies in the lower department, and the slender feet, of which Mr. Morville was naturally a little vain, were swallowed up in the depths of an immense pair of cowhide shoes, the consistency of tin, and the color of rusty iron. He had held out as long as possible against any *coiffure*, but Widow Starkey was resolute.

"'Twon't dew to ketch cold in your head, arter sech a soakin' as you've had!" said she, and as Morville was really too weak to remonstrate farther, she had invested his damp curls in one of Elnathan's gigantic night-caps, which tied under the chin with rather a novel effect.

Thus he sat, idly listening to the "tick, tick" of the tall Connecticut clock, and wondering how long it would be ere the return of Elnathan, when a silvery voice on the door-step without struck on his ear.

"Indeed, mamma, I won't be a minute! I only want to ask Mrs. Starkey for a root of that beautiful geranium."

There was no possibility of mistaking the soft accents of Bertha Arden—her hand was on the door-latch at that identical moment!

"What on earth am I going to do?" gasped Morville, springing up and sinking back again, as the conviction impressed him that neither the clock-case nor the three-cornered cupboard was large enough to hide the blue woollen enormity and the mixed stockings. There wasn't even a bed to retire under, nor a table to get behind, and the more he jerked at the knot of the night-cap, the tighter it screwed itself up! No use in trying to beat a retreat, and he awaited the arrival of Miss Arden with a sort of dogged desperation.

"Why, Morville, how did you——"

The rest of the sentence was engulfed in peal after peal of irrepressible laughter. Howard Wayne was mortal, and as he leaned breathless against the door, trying to speak, between the gusts of merriment, he could not suppress a sudden thrill of exultation at the recollection that Miss Arden was close behind, and that his rival must perforce meet her eyes in this very unbecoming costume.

"Laugh away, Wayne," said Morville, in a tone of some irritation; "laugh away! I know it's very ridiculous, and you're exceedingly tender of my feelings! Don't stop on my account, if it does you any good."

"Upon my soul, I'm sorry for you, Morville," said Wayne, in broken sentences, "but——"

The door opened, and Bertha Arden came in, her fair brow a little flushed, and her eyes sparkling with excitement. Widow Starkey's circumstantial explanations had possessed her of the true state of affairs, and the heap of snowy blossoms on the floor bore silent witness to the story she had heard.

She walked straight up to Morville, and laid her little hand on his with a tenderness of touch that made Wayne involuntarily bite his lip.

"Mr. Morville," she said, in a slightly tremulous voice, "I have heard how you endangered your life to gratify a passing wish of mine. It was perhaps too adventurous in you, but I assure you it is not unappreciated."

Wayne turned lightly on his heel.

"I believe I'll go and see where Mrs. Arden is," he said, carelessly, and as he closed the door a dark shadow came over his face.

"What riddles women are!" he muttered. "One would imagine the very sight of that pale scarecrow would have frightened away any lingering regard she may have had for him, instead of which the spell works directly the other way. Well, there's one thing pretty plain—the sooner I get my trunks packed, and bid adieu to the White Mountains, the better. I wish, though, *I* had been wise enough to go paddling after water-lilies!"

And he sauntered down the country road, whistling lugubriously—perhaps the tune was intended as a knell to his departed hopes and aspirations.

Ellerton Morville had listened to Miss Arden's words with a throbbing pulse. It was not so much the simple sentences themselves as the flutter in the voice, the suffusion of the eyes, and the lingering accent on one or two words that touched the spring of rapture in his heart of hearts. They had known one another for months, these two young people, yet never had they seemed so near together as now.

"Then may I hope that the flowers will not be unacceptable to you, Miss Arden?"

"I shall treasure them always," she murmured.

"The carriage is waiting, Miss Arden," called Wayne from the piazza.

"In one moment. Mr. Morville, you will surely accompany us home?"

"How can I?" said Morville, glancing with deprecatory archness at his dress.

For the first time Bertha became aware that her young cavalier's costume was unique, to say the least of it, and she burst into a gay chime of girlish laughter. Morville laughed, too—Miss Arden's mirth did not waken his ire as Wayne's had done.

She carried the precious water-lilies home, however, and that evening, when Mr. Morville was strong enough to return to the village hotel, they had a long whispered conversation about one of the white buds. What it amounted to, nobody ever knew, it was so hemmed in by the honeysuckle lattice on one side and the sweeping curtains of the bay-window on the other.

But Mr. Wayne took his departure the next day, and at the end of the summer there was a brilliant wedding in the great metropolis. Ellerton Morville officiated as bridegroom, and the bride wore in her abundant chestnut curls, neither orange-blossom nor jessamine, but only a cream-white water-lily!

PRAYERS.

BY MARY CLEMMER AMES.

What shall I give Thee, O, my Saviour,
  What now give Thee?
Shrined within the dewy splendor
Of this morning calm and tender,
  What now give Thee?

I will give Thee, O, my Saviour
  I will give Thee,
Mid my penitential weeping,
My soul's idol to Thy keeping,
  I will give Thee!

This I give Thee, O, my Saviour,
  This gift give Thee!
One untarnished, one unbroken,
My soul's soul's most sacred token.
  Now I give Thee!

Let me love Thee, O, my Saviour,
  Let me love Thee!
For the years when I defied Thee,
For the love I long denied Thee
  Let me love Thee!

Let me give Thee, O, my Saviour,
  Let me give Thee,
My life's idol now to prove me,
Now to prove at last, I love Thee,
  This I give Thee.

This I give Thee, O, my Saviour,
  This I give Thee!
Praying lest my love may alter,
Praying lest my spirit falter,
  While I give Thee.

Lest I lose Thee, O, my Saviour,
  Lest I lose Thee,
From the Unseen draw Thou nearer,
Let my vision see Thee clearer,
  Lest I lose Thee!

Draw Thou nearer, O, my Saviour,
  Draw Thou nearer!
Lest the life my life has shaken
Loose from mine, return to waken
  Love still dearer.

I'll draw nearer, O, my Saviour
  I'll draw nearer!
Though with slow step faltering faintly,
Let my soul absolved and saintly,
  Draw still nearer.

Wilt Thou save me, O, my Saviour,
  Wilt Thou save me?
From the world-way steep and sterile,
From the pleasant path of peril,
  Wilt Thou save me?

Wilt Thou help me, O, my Saviour,
  Wilt Thou help me,
Here to wear Thy mercy's weakness,
Shriven of human want and weakness,
  Wilt Thou help me?

Wilt Thou hear me, O, my Saviour,
  Wilt Thou hear me!
Wilt Thou hear my piteous pleading,
For the love Thy child is needing,
  Wilt Thou hear me!

Never leave me, O, my Saviour,
  Never leave me!
Let me feel Thy pity holding,
Let me feel Thy love's enfolding,
  Never leave me!

Never leave me, O, my Saviour,
  Never leave me!
From the fading of my morning,
To my evening's solemn warning,
  Never leave me!

Never leave me, O, my Saviour,
  Never leave me!
Hear my spirit's last faint crying,
Hold my head when I am dying,
  Never leave me!

◆

THE ONE ERROR.

A STORY FOR YOUNG WIVES.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

AT STOCKER'S.

The employment which had been, by so peculiar an accident, put into the way of little Ida, was singularly adapted to her, and she took to it accordingly, very shortly becoming of so much service to Mrs. Stocker, as to justify that lady's frequent appeals to every one who was aware of the fact, whether she had not known what she was about when she "hit on" the "bit of a thing," as one that had just the knack that was wanted in her business. Whether it were so, or whether the child's intense desire to be employed in some profitable manner made up for any deficiency of practice, as it did for that of her body, certain it was that she did acquit herself remarkably well in all that was allotted her to perform, and, in the actual stringing of the pearls, outdid her mistress in quickness; and, what was really valuable to Mrs. Stocker, had a remarkable quickness in detecting a damaged or defective article, by the adoption of which into a piece of workmanship much time had often been lost and trouble occasioned to the good woman, whose sight was not strong, and who had known the labor of many a half day thrown away on the unmaking consequent on such an error, before she had the advantage of her little assistant's services in that way.

"She's worth all the money to me, if it was only for that," the good-natured woman said, when recounting the inestimable qualities of her *protégée*. "It's only them that has known what it is to spend half the night undoing what it took you best part of the day to make up; and then the work never to look as it did before."

Ida gloried not more in her advance of importance than did Tom in the fresh opportunity it gave him of adding to his good offices with his friends.

Stocker was scene-shifter and a sort of factotum at the "Little Jewel," of which dramatic elysium Tom's firm did the bills, and whence issued the orders—Tom's delight. He was appointed to guard Ida to and from her mother's to Stocker's.

This was a grand step in the progress of their friendship, and Tom felt himself considerably risen in importance when he became the self-constituted champion of feminine youth and beauty.

Ida was tall enough to vindicate him from the charge of having to "mind" her, and dependent enough to give the lad all the self-gratulation of manliness. Though she was not pretty, there was something singularly attractive in her pale, characteristic features, and large, dark, melancholy eyes; and many a one whose glance caught hers, would pause and turn, when she had passed, to ask themselves again—what it could be in that child which had arrested their attention from the crowd. She had a way, too, after long pauses of thought, of putting such unlooked for questions—puzzlers, sometimes, to Tom—who, to do him justice, however, seldom allowed himself to appear at a loss; and he got into a way of wondering to himself what she would ask next—and, unconsciously, took to priming himself in readiness; which—he never having the slightest clue what might be the forthcoming poser—doubtless resulted in the storing up of much miscellaneous knowledge in Tom's cranium, for to be found wanting by his adoring disciple was a thing not to be tolerated for a moment.

So, although widely different in many points of disposition and character, these two throve in their friendship, and were, in fact, mutually dependent on each other for what each needed most; and Nelly, who, since the little adventures of the ring and the half-crown, mistrusted every one in London streets, found a great comfort in the knowledge of the staunch protector her child had in Tom.

Her own work, though but poorly paid, was regular; and she had an additional satisfaction in seeing that her little girl, in the excitement and gratification of her new employ, was increasing in health and spirits visibly.

"Not but what she'd be as well again, I know, if she got more exercise," little Mrs. Stocker would say; "but she won't let her cross the street alone; sets her face against her going out, even with me, and won't hear of the lad there, as might be trusted with untold gold, I believe, taking her for a walk, even of Sundays, if she can't go with 'em. It's nonsense, between you and me, you know. The girl's got to make her way in the world, and the sooner she finds out what it's made of the better for her."

This was the good woman's logic, which she was apt to urge with extreme earnestness, though, in her own case, hardly proved, since she had certainly used her opportunities of making acquaintance with the world to select one of its least favorable specimens with whom to unite herself. But, as she was wont to say, "there was no knowing what Bill might have been, but for the drink."

Still, she adhered most conscientiously to the wishes of Mrs. Franklen, however much differing from them, and performed in person all those errands which she would else have delegated to her young assistant, in pure desire to benefit her by exercise and fresh air.

But Ida really liked her work. There was something congenial to the delicacy of her senses in the handling of the smooth, round, tender pearls (not always them, though Mrs. Stocker always gave them out to be so "for safety"), and the regular motion of threading them, with the slight exercise of dexterity necessary, was agreeable to her, which would have been detestable confinement and dreary monotony to more mercurial natures. Again, it left her tongue and lips free; and they were seldom idle, at least when she was alone, or, indeed, if otherwise.

One morning, when the maker of regalia and embroiderer of kingly purple, went out in quest of an especia dainty on which she declared she had "set her heart" for dinner, and which, being nothing very particular in hand, they might just as well have that day. "And, duckey, you should come, too, but I must call on Madame Amer, about a new set she's wanting done, and your mother would think I don't know what was to happen if I took you to the house of an actress, though I believe she's better than half the saints; but that's neither here nor there; you know what to get on with, pet?"

"Oh, yes." Ida knew what to do, and did not at all want to go out, but would have finished that quite by the time she came back.

"You'll do nothing of the kind now, pussey; you old-fashioned, hard-working thing! You just get up and have a run round the room and look out of the window, and I'll see and bring you back a few flowers, if I can lay hands on any for next to nothing.

With this good-natured rebuke, the kindly but careless woman quitted the room, first putting on a thick veil to hinder the sign manual—"Bill Stocker, his mark"—being too apparent in conjunction with her eye. It was the other one this time; the account was kept up pretty evenly between the two organs of vision, affording a "striking" proof that it is not always the true offender on whom punishment falls; there was nothing at all provocative in the glance of those brown eyes, faded though they were.

There was a ray of autumn sunshine struggling into the room, just over the corner where the child sat; she felt its warmth, and, as if to draw its welcome radiance to herself, she began, directly she found herself alone, to sing in her soft, quiet, increasing way, till the sound quickening the work, and the fast fingers again strengthening the music, she worked and sang, and sang and worked, till she might have been weaving or singing pearls, for aught she was conscious now. She never heard the old cracked bell on the landing outside the door, with its jingle-jangle, giving signs that some one was mounting the first floor below; but went on in a land of her own, singing out from her very heart's gladness, that her fingers found employment.

"Is Mrs. Stocker at home, do you think? I have rung several times," a lady asked of the dirty maid-servant, whom she encountered in the passage.

"I don't know, I'm sure, miss, but I think she is, and likely enuff she don't hear the bell. Will you go up?"

"Yes, she might as well," for, to say truth, the lady's attention had been taken by the sound of singing; and she had the pardonable curiosity of wishing to ascertain in what part of the house and from whom it might proceed.

"How very sweet!" she said to herself, as she went up. "Good Heavens!" and she stopped; "my own song!—false notes, but very, very sweet! Why, it is in her room."

The lady ascended a few more steps, then stood still on the landing close to the door of the room whence the sound issued. She held her hand up, as if soliciting silence, while she listened with the most profound intentness and evident delight, though she now and again knit her brows and drew in her breath when false notes fell on her ear.

She tapped once very lightly at the door; then, as no answer came, the lady opened the door and entered.

The song was just coming to a close with a humble imitation of an original *bravura*, at which the lady smiled, gazing around the room in amazement, for at her entrance she believed it empty.

Advancing, she espied, in a corner opposite to the window, a childish figure seated on a stool, dressed in a blouse or pinafore of white holland, and a black sash. It was stooping forward, in such a posture that the face was hid by the long black curls, which the one ray of sunshine lit with a gleam of gold.

Advancing on tiptoe again, she crossed, and saw that the child's fingers were moving deftly over some long strings of pearls which lay in her lap. "What a bonnie picture she'd make!" the lady thought to herself; and, indeed, the new comer herself would have been no bad subject for the artist's study. She was dressed in black velvet—dear to artists—trimmed with sable; she wore a bonnet of rich white silk, with a snowy feather lightly tipped with scarlet; her hair was of the purest flaxen, and clustered in such a rich profusion of thick, massive curls, that, although worn in the very simplest mode of nature, it gave her an appearance of singularity. Her eyes were dark and sparkling, her face pale, her features not particularly attractive, the mouth rather large, but with such an expression of winning good humor upon it, that none could fail to be favorably impressed. Her figure was rather inclined to fullness, but she moved with lightness and alertness, if not grace.

Such was the apparition which met the astonished gaze of Ida, as she lifted up her head at the conclusion of her song and her work together.

"Don't be frightened," the visitor hastened to say. "Where is your mother?"

"At home, ma'am," replied the child; then a sudden dread seizing her, she exclaimed, "Is she ill, ma'am? oh, is anything the matter with her?"

"What do you mean? how should I know?" the lady said, half laughing. "If she's at home, where is she?" she added, looking round.

"*My* mother, ma'm, here?"

"Isn't Mrs. Stocker your mother, then?"

"Oh, no, ma'am," Ida replied, much relieved, "but she is out, and——"

"And you are threading my pearls, and singing my song, you old-fashioned little mortal, you!"

The lady burst out laughing at the evident dismay which spread itself over the countenance of the child, as she retreated a step or two backward, and repeated the words, "*Your* song, ma'am!"

"Yes; where did you hear it, you extraordinary witch of the world, you! Why, one would not imagine so much sound could be contained in that mite of a body. Where did you hear it, I say?"

"If you please, ma'am, at the playhouse, where Tom and Mrs. Stocker took me one night."

"And who sang it?"

"A lady——"

Ida paused; her large eyes opened wider, she gazed again at the figure before her, looked more particularly at the masses of fair hair that hung down before, and behind, and around the lady's face.

"Ma'am, she had your hair."

"Had my hair, had she! Like her impudence, I think."

"It *was* you, ma'm! Oh, if Tom——"

At that moment Mrs. Stocker ran, out of breath, into the room.

"Oh, madam! oh, dear! I saw your carriage at the end of the street; oh, dear, I ran all the way; I've been to your house, madam. To think—to think of your coming here—oh, dear!"

"Pray take breath, Mrs. Stocker, take breath—though, in faith, here's one here has enough for any two. You just interrupted a very interesting communication of what Tom—what was it about Tom?"

She turned to Ida, but the child had apparently forgotten all but the fact of who stood in the flesh before her. She stood with parted lips and cheeks flushing, her eyes fixed in a sort of adoration upon the singer whose powers had enchanted her in that art which was already the passion of her life.

"Do you know I caught this young lady singing away here to herself as if she had got a whole audience in the chairs and tables. At least I saw none here; but she may have the power of calling them up at her pleasure, for such a weird, old-fashioned, little piece of mortality I never saw.

"Who and what is she, Stocker?"

Mrs. Stocker had assisted and set a seat for the lady, who, as if used to such visits, threw aside her heavy mantle; but neither the lustrous sheen of the costly velvet, nor the glitter of the diamond solitaire that flashed over the room, were seen by the wrapt child. She stood in an attitude the lady did not fail to mark—the threaded pearls hanging from her hands, her lips forming and reforming into one set of words, which she was evidently longing, yet dreaded, to utter.

Mrs. Stocker, meanwhile, in a few words, told what she knew of Ida's history.

"Oh!" the lady said, as the other finished, "do you know, I fancy that little mortal was meant for something more than the stringing of pearls—what on earth are you thinking of, great eyes?—come here, here, and tell me now—quick!"

CHAPTER XXIX.

CONCLUSION.

It was a chill, autumnal day, when they laid the long-ailing, enfeebled old man, the father of Agnes Chaunce, to his last rest. The leaden-colored clouds seemed loath to descend, yet threatening, the rain which would now and then just perceptibly moisten the biting wind that blew sharply, betokening the wintry lands it had passed over in its course.

Though the very slenderest and most meagre in appearance, the funeral was not a pauper's. The poor girl had parted with the last available articles of furniture, with the exception of the bedstead on which the old man died, to make up the needful sum for laying her miserable parent at least decently in the earth. To mourning she could make little pretence. The dress she habitually wore was black, and the undertaker, himself of the very humblest in his craft, made her a present of the gloves and a piece of crape for her bonnet; so far her outward appearance bore company to the grief within, and Heaven knows that was deep enough.

It was so violent and overwhelming—nay, passionate, in its display, that the women in the house, who had, as a matter of course, mustered strong on the occasion, marvelled greatly. "They should have thought it would be a good riddance; gracious heavens, her hands were regularly tied with the old man, and not a moment of peace of her blessed life, with his grumbling and growling."

Nelly did not go so far as that, certainly, but she was not without surprise at her friend's uncontrollable emotion, which seemed to her to partake of some other sentiment than grief; yet, as Agnes offered no explanations, and indeed had seemed of late more reserved in her own affairs, her friend made no inquiry, and limited her consolation to such simple reflections as her own kind heart suggested.

When the funeral was over, and the poor girl was heard returning to her well-nigh empty room, Nelly descended the stairs, with the purpose of inducing the mourner to come to her own apartment, and at least for the present to quit the contemplation of the desolate scene of death; but she paused at the closed door, hearing a voice within, and thinking a friend might have returned with Agnes.

It was not the tone of conversation, but of fervid supplication and passionate appeal, to which she involuntarily listened.

"Spare me, oh merciful Lord!" the girl cried, distractedly, and between heart-wrung sobs, which seemed to shake her to the centre. "Oh! take away the temptation—oh, forgive me! Father in heaven, forgive me!—and help me, help me to be right—at this time, at this time of all others—when I am alone, alone in the world—oh, God! give me strength, and help me!"

She prayed in the very frenzy of despair, and with the dread of some impending danger evidently upon her. Nelly shrank from intrusion at such a moment, and withdrew; how she afterwards repented the delicacy, and it was very long ere she forgave herself for not having waived all nicer considerations in that for the poor girl's desolate condition.

She returned to her own room, made up her fire, and prepared the refreshing cup of tea; for it was getting towards evening, and the chill rain was beginning to fall now; she made such little additions to the meal as were within her means, and once more descended the stairs. The door stood ajar—Nelly tapped lightly, then pushed it open. The room was empty, with the exception of the press bedstead, which was let down, and on the mattress each separate article of the bed furniture neatly folded; on the top lay a note, which as Nelly went forward—wondering, and seeking some traces of her friend—she saw was addressed to herself. She took it up, wondering more, but still expecting to hear or see Agnes appear. But, no, every scrap of anything else had been removed; true, there had been no more than a tolerably-sized bundle would contain, for the workboard, even, had been removed by the undertaker's man, and accepted by him as part payment of the funeral debt.

A strange dread took possession of her mind as she took the note, and went slowly up the stairs to her own room; where, having lighted a candle, she read its contents:—

> "DEAR MRS. FRANKLEN.—You must forgive me for going away without bidding you good-bye; indeed, I cannot. A dreadful trouble has come upon me lately, and it would be no good telling you, for you could not help me in it, and I know what you would say. I know that I am very wrong and wicked, and I try to help it. I have prayed, and struggled very hard against wrong thoughts; please do not think hardly of me, for I mean to do right, please God. Kiss dear little Ida for me; I could not bear to see her again, and say good-bye! Will you tell Mrs. Smith that I have left the bedstead and the best of the clothes for the rent? She said one day she would not mind taking them, and I have no money hardly.
>
> "Good-bye and God bless you, and thank you for all your kindness. "AGNES."

Poor Agnes! She had succumbed to her fate, now that her father no longer claimed her care, and had sought in the cold waters of the river that rest which she had so long and so vainly toiled for among her fellow-creatures.

> "One more unfortunate,
> Weary of breath;
> Rashly importunate
> Gone to her death."

The letter of Agnes was not easy to decipher; tears had blotted it as it was written; and, before it was read through, other tears were falling on the half-illegible words.

"Oh, dear, dear! if I had but known!" exclaimed Nelly, as she made out the sad sense of this melancholy farewell. "Why hadn't she come to me? why didn't she tell me her trouble, poor dear, poor, poor girl? What can it be, I wonder—what *can* it be?"

But there was no answer to help her to a solution of the mystery, save that she might make of the moaning wind, which sent the rain sharply against the window-panes, and made her shiver as she thought of the poor wanderer, who might have been now sitting by that warm fire, and easing her mind by the confidence of her sorrows to a friend.

Nelly lost no time in making Mrs. Smith aware of the circumstance. The landlady hastened to inspect the deposit in question, and was apparently satisfied that she should be at least no loser by the default of cash; she did not, to any extent, share Nelly's uneasiness. "The young woman always was odd," she thought, "and held herself like above other folks, which never was no good to nobody as had to make their way in the world. Whether there was anything coming to her now, through the death of the old man, and that she might be gone down to look after it. But, anyway, the bedstead was as good to her as the money, and just the thing as she was wanting for her Ned and Bill, and she would hardly have got such a one for the twelve shillin's, let alone the bed and the quilt and that."

So talked interested greed, while humble friendship sincerely mourned the abrupt disunion from her sometime acquaintance; for, though now far more accustomed to the life and habits around her, Nelly had ever entertained a special regard for the one who had smoothed the first roughnesses of her hard destiny to her, and given her a welcome where she had none to call her friend, and the disappearance of Agnes struck to her heart with something of the keenness of old events.

"She cannot have been very long gone," Nelly said, interrupting the landlady's panegyric on the bedstead. "I was down here not twenty minutes ago, and then I heard her in the room. I shall run up the court and look about; if she is to be seen, I'll have her back, poor thing!"

"You might as well look for a needle in a bottle of hay, Mrs. Franklen," (for Nelly still retained her assumed name,) "and it's coming on to rain like anything," she added, as Nelly threw her shawl over her head, and proceeded down stairs, for they had mounted to her room while talking. The landlady followed her, and with a not very flattering reflection upon the sanity of both her lodgers. She called to Ned and Bill to come and remove the bedstead to their especial domain.

Nelly had not gone far before she was convinced of the utter inutility of pursuing such a search as hers under the circumstances. It was Saturday night; and, in the crowded thoroughfare on which the court opened a market was held, rife in all the usual accompaniments of a Saturday night's market, which, to a Londoner, needs no description, and of which any words of mine must fail to convey an adequate idea to those who have never witnessed the scene of tumult, dispute, competition, vociferous declamation, too often intermixed with drunken ribaldry.

How could she possibly hope, even should Agnes yet linger among the crowd, to distinguish her in all that sweltering, eager throng, so formidable to encounter in its unities? Besides, how improbable, whatever might be her intention, that the poor girl should delay in the neighborhood of those she evidently wished to avoid! Out of all those many turnings and cross streets, too, which would she have taken? Nelly paused as she emerged into the brawling, dirty thoroughfare, where the lights at the various stalls—the lamps of filthy oil and naptha, and the tallow candles—flared, and glittered, and spluttered in the cold, drizzling rain, and the hopelessness of her search came strongly to represent itself to her mind; and as she again asked herself "*where?*" a shudder passed over her, for something seemed to resolve her question into the form rather of *how?* and the possibility that the long-enduring, unhappy girl, might be seeking refuge in death, urged itself forcibly upon her.

A strange feeling impelled her, despite herself, to turn and look into the window of a chemist's shop, which was at the corner of a narrow street, running from the principal one where she stood.

A very brief glanced sufficed to convince her that the shop was empty; in that interval she was conscious of some one gazing intently at her face, and she hastened to return home, with a sad conviction that nothing could be done beyond the making inquiries of the police, and resolved to consult with her landlady on the best method of doing this.

It was now the hour when Ida, who, at Mrs. Stocker's desire, took her tea with her employer on Saturday night, would be brought home by her escort, Tom Grejons; and Nelly, being delayed a few minutes, to make some necessary purchase, entered the court where she lived.

Never too highly favored in respect of light, the darkness of the night made the place by no means pleasant or easy of traversing, even to the initiated; and the rain converting many ruts and crevices in the ruinous pavement into ankle-deep pools, Nelly walked slowly, picking her way by instinct. She had not been aware of any one in the court but herself, and was so deeply engaged with thoughts of the girl's singular disappearance, that she was quite startled by the sudden appearance of a man, who must have been behind her all the way down.

He passed rapidly a step or two in advance, as they neared a lamp which hung over the door of a marine-store shop half way down the court; then he wheeled suddenly around, confronting her as the light fell upon her features.

"I knew it was the same," he cried, in a husky voice, at the same time clapping a huge hand upon her shoulder, and effectually barring her further progress.

"So, Mistress Meghorn, it's you, is it? The name aint so common that there should be many answering to it, and when you couples the Franklen alongside——" A desperate oath concluded the sentence.

Nelly shrank in terror from the side of the ruffian; but quick as thought, he threw a heavy shawl over her head, wrapped her so about with it she could not struggle or scream, raised her in his arms, and bore her swiftly away.

Her captor had not gone far before it became evident to Nelly that he was joined by companions, and she heard a voice which she had for months dreaded to hear, say—

"Is it really my wife, Mat?"

"Yes, Captain," answered the mate of the pirate schooner—the *Daredevil*—(for the ruffian was no less a personage than our old, villainous acquaintance, Mat Yawmans)—"it be her and no mistake. When did yer honor ever know *my* eye to make a mistake about *any* craft afloat or ashore?"

"Give her to me," returned Meghorn. "If she escapes now," said he, with a fierce oath, as he clasped Nelly in his arms, may I never tread the deck of my gallant schooner again.

"Silence!" he continued, as Yawmans began a reply. "To the boat—straight. We'll pull down to the schooner at once, and be off under cover of the storm that's coming on.

"Where's Hinchman?" he abruptly asked, turning around and staring at the men.

No one could answer. Hinchman was a young recruit, taken on the occasion of the murder of the crew of a vessel the pirates had captured some months before, who had saved his life by enlisting under the black flag. Meghorn had always mistrusted him, and on running up the river in disguise, for the insane purpose of scouring London in search of Nelly, whom he had dreamed of finding there, he had kept Hinchman in his company, lest he should desert, and put the authorities on the scent.

The young recruit was gone, now, however, and it would be useless to attempt to find him. How long he had been gone, no one could tell. *Where* he had gone, the intrepid pirate chief and his men felt in the very marrow of their bones.

"We shall have to run for it," said Meghorn, hoarsely, "and fight for it, too," he grimly added. "Let 'em come on. I'm ready for death *now*;" and he exultantly pressed the form of his terrified wife to his bosom. "Ha! ha!" he laughed, as he strode rapidly on, "we'll have a jolly exit, won't we, *Mrs. Franklen?* So, you thought you could escape from Saul Meghorn, did you? Where's that little brat of yours?"

At this reference to her child, Nelly gave a sudden spring of such power as to wrest herself from the ruffian's arms; but he caught her again instantly, and rushed on towards the point on the river where their boat awaited them. But as they turned a corner of the street, where a lamp shone brightly, they came suddenly upon a party heading towards the same quarter.

"There they go!" exclaimed a voice which Meghorn recognized as Hinchman's.

"Dash on, boys!" shouted the pirate. "Loosen your pistols! Be ready for desperate work, and spare nobody."

Away they dashed, Meghorn at their head, carrying the cowering form of Nelly as though she had been a feather. The report of pistols was heard behind, but the darkness favored the fugitives, and no one was hurt.

The river side was soon reached; the boat, with two men in waiting, was found, and the fugitives jumped in, pushed off, and pulled rapidly down the river. But soon lights were seen below, in several boats, filled with armed men, and the pirates knew that their retreat was cut off. There were eight of the outlaws, and Meghorn and Yawmans were a host in themselves. Placing Nelly on the bottom of the boat, Meghorn drew his cutlas, and steered straight for one of the armed boats, in the centre of the stream. As he drew near, by a skillful manœuvre he sent the bow of his boat square into the side of his antagonists', crushing it in and nearly overturning it, and before the occupants could recover from their confusion, his well-trained crew had disengaged ther prow and shot past into the darkness. But just then a volley was fired from another of the pursuing boats, and Yawmans and the man in his rear fell from their oars—sent to their last account. Another volley, from another boat, and Meghorn leaped from his seat, clapped his hand to his side, gave a yell of pain and defiance, and fell forward upon the cowering form of Nelly, who had succeeded in uncovering her face, and was gazing in horror at the vague scene. As he felt her body beneath him, he hoarsely whispered: "You shall go with me, lass, to my long home!" and clutching her by the throat, he laughed wildly, "Ha! ha! ha! So this is the end of the only *honest* love I ever had for mortal creature. But it's all in keeping. I murdered her husband to get her, and now I'll murder her to keep anybody else from having her."

Bang! bang! bang! The pursuing boats were closing in, and pouring in a deadly fire. Only three of the pirates remained unharmed, and they leaped into the river, and attempted to escape by swimming. But they were soon riddled, and sank to their watery graves.

Two of the boats had reached Meghorn's, and laying alongside, the torches were held over the scene within. A terrible sight was unfolded there. The bodies of five stalwart men weltering in their gore, and the convulsed face of a woman strangled in the relentless grasp of the pirate chieftain's death-cold hand.

Thus had the unfortunate—the once beautiful Nelly Heartsome finished her atonement at last of THE ONE ERROR of flirting with a stranger while her affianced lover was absent. A small cause, it seems, to be followed by such a long, bitter and terrible train of effects: but who can measure the growth and culmination of a concealed wrong that extends its poisonous roots into the very fountain of social and domestic life!

* * * * * * *

A dozen years had passed, since the terrible scenes above-described were enacted. The talk about the capture of the Daredevil, which followed the death of Meghorn, had long since ceased. The roses were blooming on Nelly's well-kept grave—tended by gentle hands, and watered with tears of unabated affection. By the side of the humble mound stand a young couple, sadly joyful. They are Tom Grejons and his wife Ida, come to pay a parting visit to the grave of the poor mother, whose last resting place they have marked with appropriate testimonials.

Tom has prospered much, and Ida still more—in her fancy work at "Stocker's." She succeeded that kind benefactress, who died four years since, and has amassed quite a little competency, which with Tom's savings, they are about to proceed to the New World to invest in such way as their joint wisdom may determine. May peace go with them and prosperity attend upon their venture.

THE END.

◆

CONSTANCY often contains as much obstinacy as real affection.

SUMMER SONNET.

BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

"Broken cisterns, that can hold no water."
Jeremiah 2nd and 13th.

High noon at Summer, and the solstice burns
Unmitigated, with a tropic heat,
To leafy nest the drooping warbler turns,
The pastural herds to quiet brooks retreat,

And half submerg'd, the crystal nectar taste,
Amid the parching cornhills where he wrought,
The wearied farmer throws his hoe in haste,
And from his canteen quaffs the home-brewed draught.

But thou, oh panting human heart, art flying
To broken cisterns thy hot thirst to slake;
And baffled still, the fruitless labor plying,
Though oft entreated for a Saviour's sake,
To seek the shelter of that Rock of trust,
Jehovah's Name, which stands, when all beside is dust.

Hartford, Connecticut.

A DARING EXPLOIT.

BY EMERSON BENNETT.

One evening, about sunset, during the summer of 1781, a lady, living in one of the middle counties of Virginia, was standing in the door of her dwelling, a pleasant farm-house, when a large, powerful man, mounted on a rather jaded-looking horse, rode up in front, and civilly asked if himself and beast could be accommodated for the night—adding, with a grim smile, that he feared his good looks and good opinion would have to be her only reward, as he had not a penny to bless himself with.

"Are you an American soldier?" inquired the lady in turn, looking at his soiled and somewhat ragged garments, all covered with dust from head to foot, and which seemed once to have made some pretensions to an undress uniform, and observing with the same inspecting glance, that he wore an uncommonly long sword at his side, and had pistols in his holsters.

"Well, yes, ma'am, so please you, I may say I've seen some service in the Continental army," he replied. "I was at Stony-Point, Brandywine, Monmouth, the Cowpens, Camden and Guilford Court-House, not to mention some other actions that might occur to me if I was to stop and think them all up."

"If you have spoken the truth," rejoined the lady, "you are a hero worthy of all I can do for you; and if you have not, you are strong enough to take all you ask; so I shall venture to offer you the best hospitality my house affords."

"Nay," said the stranger, a slight flush passing over his dark, swarthy countenance, and his black eyes glittering with resentment, "if you've any doubts of my telling you the truth, I'll ride on. My horse can crop something by the way-side, and I can sleep, fasting, in the open air, as I've done many a time before this."

"I beg your pardon, sir!" said the lady, advancing and offering her hand; "if I had any doubts at first, your words, look and manner have removed them. Dismount, sir, and come in, and my servants shall at once attend to your horse."

"Excuse me, ma'am," returned the soldier, "but I always make it a point to attend to my horse myself. I'll just ride to the barn and fodder him, and then I'll come in and take a bite myself, and thank you, too."

The lady sent a servant boy to show him the stable, and then set about having a hot supper prepared of the best the house afforded. In less than half an hour the soldier came in, stooping a little at the door, and carrying his head very close to the ceiling, which proved that he was over six feet in hight. He was also large for his stature, and his weight exceeded two hundred and fifty pounds. His strength was according to his size; and being young, active, and light on his feet, with the courage and daring of a lion, he had naturally become one of the most formidable foes, in a single, hand-to-hand encounter, that any British soldier ever had to contend with. In fact, no single foe had ever stood long before him. His heavy sword, five feet in the blade, which few men would care to handle with two hands, he could wield like a feather with one, and wo to the man, no matter what his skill, who ventured to cross steel with him on the field of battle.

The hostess, a pale, intellectual lady of forty-five, dressed in black, and with a countenance expressive of habitual sorrow, seemed disposed to renew the conversation the moment the soldier appeared; and after one or two common-place inquiries and remarks, she observed, with a good deal of feeling:

"You mentioned one battle, sir, that caused my heart to beat sadly—Brandywine. Did you ever happen to hear or know of a young, non-commissioned officer by the name of Loudon—Edward Loudon?"

"Yes, ma'am, I marched side by side with poor Ned when we went into the action at Brandywine. He was badly wounded by a musket ball shortly after, and I lost sight of him; but on our retreat I found him, picked him up, and carried him a quarter of a mile. I was in hopes to have got him clear off; but some troopers got sharp after me, and I was obliged to leave him to take care of myself. Ah! poor fellow! I fear he died there all alone."

"Your name, sir?" demanded the lady, excitedly.

"Peter Francisco."

"God bless you, sir, for your kindness to my poor boy!" she cried, with tearful eyes, springing forward and grasping his huge hand in both of hers.

"Your boy, ma'm?"

"Yes, Edward Loudon was my only son, and I gave him to his country. His father was then living, but in feeble health, and died shortly after his departure. For nearly four years I have been a childless widow. But Edward did not die where you left him, my friend. The British humanely conveyed him to a hospital with their own wounded, and he lived long enough to write me a farewell letter, which I still have, and in which he mentions you as a noble friend. Here! you shall read the letter yourself."

"Alas, ma'm, that I can't do!" sighed Peter. "They tell me if I'd been able to read I might have had promotion before now; but I never had the chance to learn, and so I'm what you see. I believe your story, ma'm, all the same though, and am glad to know poor Ned lived to write to you, and got decent treatment from the British, for it isn't every one that does that, and I reckon these house-burning thieves of Tarleton's, that I'm now on the lookout for, would have made short work of the brave lad."

"I am so glad to have met you, to thank you for your kindness to my dear son!" said Mrs. Loudon, wiping her eyes. "I have often heard of you, and so have your foes."

"I s'pose you've not been troubled here yet by any of Tarleton's cursed legion?" said Peter.

"No; but I know not how soon I may be. The marauders have once or twice passed within a few miles of here, plundering and burning. God help us! how the war drags on! Shall we never have peace again? If I had a dozen sons they should all go; and if General Washington would take me, I would go myself."

In like manner the conversation continued till Peter Francisco had finished his supper and expressed a wish to retire, when he was shown to a room above stairs, where, throwing himself upon a comfortable bed, and not dreaming of danger, he was soon fast asleep.

He had not slept more than an hour, however, when he was awakened by a loud knocking at the door, accompanied by a gruff, impatient demand for instant admittance.

"Who are you? and what do you seek?" inquired the voice of the hostess.

"We are soldiers of George the Third, and demand admittance in the King's name!—for the rest, you'll find out as we go along what we want."

"One minute, gentlemen, and I will open the door to you!" replied Mrs. Loudon, "and I will trust to your honor to use me well."

"We'll use you as well as you deserve!" growled the British spokesman.

Mrs. Loudon flew up-stairs.

"Are you awake?" she whispered to Francisco.

"Yes, ma'm—all right."

"You had better watch your opportunity, leap out of the window, which is not high from the ground, and so escape."

"Never mind me, ma'm, but make haste and let the thieves in!" returned the fearless soldier, who already had an important plan running through his mind.

The widow hurried down stairs and unbolted the door.

"Want supper for ten," said the leader abruptly, "and a light for the stables, to see to feed our horses. Any men about the house?"

"I am a widow, sir, and live here alone with my servants. I will hasten to get you a lantern. You must be tired, gentlemen. Will you not all come in and take something to drink before you put out your horses? I have some very excellent peach brandy here."

"Well, that's a sensible speech for a widow," laughed the officer, "and I think we may as well take a little for the stomach's sake." Hurry, good woman, and fetch it on. Come, boys, a little throat-wetting won't hurt us after our long, dusty ride."

The troopers all hurried pell-mell into the house, leaving only a servant they had brought with them to stand by the horses. This opportunity, so suddenly brought about by the cool presence of mind and cunning of Mrs. Loudon, was not lost upon the valiant Francisco, who carefully raised the window of his room, crawled through, lowered himself by his hands, and dropped to the ground, without noise and without injury, at an angle of the building which concealed him from the servant. He now reprimed his pistols, thrust them in his belt, and drew his trusty sword, prepared for action, not for flight. Stealing softly around the corner of the house, while the soldiers where boisterously talking and laughing within, he fixed his keen eye upon the servant, like a tiger upon his prey. The fellow was holding several bridles, with his back toward Peter, who was thus enabled to approach him unperceived. Suddenly a heavy hand covered the fellow's mouth, and the terrible words were whispered in his ear, thrilling his very soul:

"If you speak, or make the least resistance, you're a dead man. Your foes are all around you; but if you obey me your life shall be spared. Quick, and without noise, lead these horses down to the barn, and there await further orders! Remember! beware!"

The trembling of the fellow convinced Francisco that he could be trusted for the time, and a single minute might be enough to effect his purpose. He withdrew his hand, and the horses were quietly turned and led away. The instant they disappeared around the house, he boldly advanced to the door, a cocked pistol in one hand and his terrible sword in the other. He listened a moment, and heard the clinking of glasses, accompanied with rough jests, wicked oaths, and boisterous laughter. He advanced a little, and, by the dim light of a candle, counted ten men, collected around a table, glasses in hand, preparing to drink the toast of their leader. A little in the background was the hostess, pale as death, with a couple of trembling wenches by her side.

"Here's a health to good King George, and death to all his rebels!" cried the leader, lifting his glass on high, and then with a graceful curve bringing it to his lips.

His men were in the act of repeating the toast and imitating his example, when all were suddenly startled by the sharp crack of a pistol, and the leader pitched heavily forward, shot through the brain.

"Surrender, you villains, and cry quarter, or every man of you shall be cut to pieces!" thundered the voice of Peter Francisco, as he bounded into the midst of the terrified soldiers, his fearful sword flashing like a meteor before their eyes and around their heads. "Throw down your arms and cry quarter this moment, or, by the Lord that liveth, not a soul of you shall escape to tell the tale! Guard the door without there, surround the building, and kill every man that attempts to get away!" he shouted, as if addressing a large body of his own men. "We've got you, like rats in a trap, and you've got to surrender or die!"

Most of the men, taken so completely by surprise, and believing themselves surrounded by a large force, were only too glad to surrender on any terms, and several voices cried:

"Quarter! quarter!"

"Down with your arms then, villains!" thundered the redoubable hero.

All but two complied on the instant. One of these fired a shot at Peter, the ball of which just grazed his face and lodged in the wall. The next moment his terrible sword made a flashing circle, and the man's head rolled on the floor, completely severed from his gory body. The other, seeing the fate of his companion, offered no further resistance, but at once threw down his arms in token of surrender.

"Down on your faces, traitors!" shouted Francisco; "and the first thief that stirs, I'll kill like a dog!" And as they all complied with his command, he coolly proceeded to gather up their weapons, adding to the hostess: "Now, good lady, let me trouble you for plenty of stout rope."

Having carefully bound the men, hand and foot, and removed all their arms to a place of safety, Francisco went out to look after the horses. He found all but one, upon which the fellow left in charge of them had made his escape. Not knowing how soon another force of the enemy might be upon him, our hero thought it best to depart also. With the aid of two or three of Mrs. Loudon's negroes, a pit was speedily dug, in which, without much ceremony, were placed the remains of the two men he had slain; and then asking their further assistance of his hostess, to make certain of his capture and captives, he hastily prepared for a hurried midnight march.

"Surely, my noble friend, you will remain with us till morning?" said Mrs. Loudon, anxiously.

"Why, you see, ma'm," replied the brave fellow, "we poor soldiers can't tell, in this unsettled state of the country, what an hour may bring forth; and with all these rascals on my hands, the sooner I get within the protection of the American lines, the better."

"Well, may God bless and prosper you!" was the feeling reply. "Would to Heaven our country had a few thousand more such defenders as you!"

Somewhere about midnight, Peter Francisco was on his way northward, to meet a detachment of the French and American troops, which he expected to find quartered at a small village about ten miles distant. Assisted by two negroes in managing the horses, and driving his humbled captives before him, with pinioned arms, he entered the American lines in triumph about daylight, and delivered all safely to the commanding officer. It is needless to add that he became the hero of the time.

This is only one of the daring exploits of this brave man, of which there are several on record. A Portuguese by birth, he was brought to this country when quite young. He entered the army at sixteen, and fought through the Revolution. During the last years of his life he was sergeant-at-arms to the Virginia House of Delegates. He lived and reared a family in Buckingham county of that State. He died in 1836, beloved and respected by all who knew him. Peace to the ashes of a brave soldier!

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ONE STORY'S GOOD TILL ANOTHER IS TOLD.

There's a maxim that all should be willing to mind—
'Tis an old one—a kind one—as true as 'tis kind;
'Tis worthy of notice wherever you roam,
And no worse for the heart if remembered at home!
If scandal, or censure, be raised 'gainst a friend,
Be the last to believe it—the first to defend!
Say to-morrow will come—and then Time will unfold
That "one story's good till another is told!"

A Friend's like a ship, when with music and song
The tide of good fortune still speeds him along,
But see him when tempest hath left him a wreck,
And any mean billow can batter his deck.
But give me the heart that true sympathy shows,
And clings to a messmate whatever wind blows;
And says—when aspersion, unanswer'd, grows bold—
Wait—"one story's good till another is told!"

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THE QUESTION ANSWERED.

Man is a wonderful creation. We are willing to make confession to that effect, if it will gratify his vanity. We are willing, frankly, to acknowledge that we, a representative of the female sex, never could comprehend what makes a steam-engine go, or *why* the country can't be saved, without a knot of politicians at every street corner. Of course men understand all these things, and we unbonnet ourselves accordingly, and make our lowest obeisance to their superior intellect. But there is one thing they don't know, and never will know, if they live to be as old as Methusaleh—and that is, the nature of womankind!

Did you ever know a tolerably good looking woman who attained the age of twenty, without passing through the ceremonies of wedding-rings and orange-blossoms, but that all her male acquaintances got together in little coteries, and whispered mysteriously about her, and wondered "how on earth it happened that she didn't get married!" Did you ever see her nod to a gentleman in the street, but that he said the minute she was past, "A nice girl—very—but it's singular she don't get married." They regard her with gentle pity, and superior commiseration, and express their sentiments of wonder, very much as they might say, "Why don't she go to heaven?"

My dear gentlemen! isn't it just within the range of possibilities that she may prefer a state of single blessedness?

Of course—just what we expected—we knew that your upper lips would be curved, scornfully, and your shoulders shrugged in mild incredulity! Of course we are aware that you consider it an unheard of thing for a woman not to catch at the chance of so invaluable a possession as a husband! She must be insane, if she rejects a through ticket to the golden gates of matrimony! If she's an old maid, it is because she cannot help it—because no irresistible in broadcloth has given her the option of being anything else!

Now do you really suppose, Mr. Man-in-general, that a woman considers it the height of earthly bliss to darn your stockings for you, and make your shirts, and burn her face over the kitchen fire in your behalf, and sit up for you, Masonic Lodge nights? Do you suppose she thinks that after she is once married, there remains nothing in life to be sighed for? To be Mr. So and So's *wife*—to go down to posterity tacked to the coat-skirts of that distinguished individual—that ought to be happiness enough for any female, unless she is of an unusually rebellious and turbulent character. It does happen, sometimes, that Mr. So and So is a little taken aback by the cool "No, I thank you, sir!" of the damsel whom he imagines to be panting for the distinction of becoming Mrs. S. He can't understand that—he don't know what a woman can be thinking of, when she prefers a cat and a canary-bird to the honor of being *his* social appendage. And he goes and names somebody else, and solaces himself by calling the unattainable fair one "an old maid. Just as he pleases—an old maid don't have to say, "I'll ask my husband," every time she is invited to go shopping—she don't have to account to a domestic Bluebeard for every sixpence she lays out—she can flirt with whom she pleases, and consult her own taste in the color of her bonnets and gaiter-boots. The cat and canary-bird are not members of a club—don't stay out late nights, and lie in bed, growling, the next morning—it is not a thankless task to attend to *their* comforts! And sometimes, when we see a rose-cheeked, blooming "old maid" dancing the baby for a poor little, shrinking, brow-beaten wife, faded like a piece of thrice-washed calico, who jumps every time the door slams, and never speaks above her breath in her husband's presence, we wonder which is the happier? If we were rash enough to consult a gentleman, he would unhesitatingly pronounce in favor of the married sufferer—but we should not believe a word of it! Did you ever catch us asking a gentleman how our bonnet should be trimmed, and whether our jellies should be flavored with wine or vanilla? When we do, we'll consult them as to whether an old maid is really incapable of being happy!

What is the reason the plump, pretty single ladies of our acquaintance don't get married, did you say, sir? Because they don't choose too! If there is any better reason than that, we'd like to know of it!

MRS. GEORGE WASHINGTON WYLLYS.

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NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

[All the Questions under this head are actually received by us through the mail. We state this because we learn that many persons have supposed some of them to be *manufactured* for the purpose of adapting the answers to them. They are all genuine, written evidently in good faith, and answered to the best of our ability.]

HERMIONE.—The names of the nine muses were Clio, Euterpe, Thalia, Melpomene, Terpsichore, Erato, Polymnia, (or Polyhymnia, as she is sometimes called,) Urania, Calliope. Clio, the muse of history, is represented holding a scroll half opened. Euterpe, the muse who presides over music, holds in her hand two flutes. Thalia, the muse of comedy, was also one of the graces. Melpomene, the muse of tragedy, is represented as vailed, and holding a mask in one hand. Terpsichore, the muse of dancing, appears as a young virgin crowned with laurel and holding in her hand a musical instrument. Erato is the muse of amorous and plaintive poetry; she wears a crown of roses and myrtle, and holds a lyre in her hand. Polymnia, the muse of rhetoric and singing, stands with one hand outstretched as if declaiming, and holds a sceptre in her left hand, and wears a white vail. Urania, the muse of astronomy, holds a globe in one hand, and with the other is pointing out some figure with a stick. Calliope, the muse of epic poetry, holds either a trumpet or a closely rolled parchment. Now, with regard to the pronunciation. Pronounce Clio, Klyo; Euterpe, U-ter-pe, three syllables, with the accent on ter; Thalia, Thay-ly-a, with the accent on ly; Melpomene, Mel-pom-e-ne, with the accent on pom; Terpsichore, Terp-sick-o-re, with the accent on sick; Erato, Er-a-to, with the accent on Er; Polymnia, Po-lym-ni-a, with the accent on lym; Urania, with the accent on the second syllable; Calliope, Cal-li-o-pe, with the accent on li. It is well for young people to remember the correct pronunciation of names so frequently used as these. There is no great harm in pronouncing Calliope in three syllables, with a strong accent on ope; yet a person who does so proclaims to all who hear him that his early education was neglected. Whereas, one who says Cal-*li*-o-pe is recognized by educated persons as a man and a brother.

JUNIOR.—The passage occurs in Coleridge's Biographia Literaria, Chapter III. The most admired and quoted sentence is the following: "In times of old, books were as religious oracles; as literature advanced, they next became venerable preceptors; they then descended to the rank of instructive friends; and, as their numbers increased, they sunk still lower, to that of entertaining companions." This is one way of stating the case, but perhaps not the only way. It might be said that in the first ages man was so ignorant as to believe everything that was written, as though it were the dictation of Heaven, and *therefore* regarded books as religious oracles. As man rose in the scale of intelligence, books were less revered, but not less loved and valued; until now a book cannot awe or astonish, but only instruct and please. It is not that books are less, but that man is greater.

TRUST.—The salaries of clerks in retail grocery stores in the city of New York range from six to ten dollars a week. Eight dollars is about the average. The hours of attendance are apt to be excessive, as such stores are generally kept open until nine in the evening, and open as early as six in the morning. In large stores, where many clerks are employed, and where the employer is a systematic man, an arrangement is frequently made by which only part of the force is detained in the evening. As a general thing, however, grocers' clerks are compelled to attend fourteen or fifteen hours a day, and they will continue to do so until the early closing movement gains the day, or, rather, gains the evening.

RACHEL C.—The gipsies, it is now thought by the learned, did not originate in Egypt, though the name is certainly a corruption of Egyptian. In fact, gipsies are called by a different name in every country in Europe: in France, Bohemians; in Italy, Wallachians, etc. A German author, who has devoted many years to the investigation of the subject, comparing the language and customs of the gipsies with those of other races, arrives at the conclusion that they are of East Indian origin. Their language, character and habits, he shows, are unmistakably Hindoo.

B. C. A.—There is no such thing as a husband's being too good to his wife, but there is such a thing as being good to her in the wrong way. If a man is so unfortunate as to have a selfish and exacting wife, it does her no good, but harm, to yield to her unreasonable demands. He owes it to *her*, as well as to himself, to resist her unjust encroachments, and to refuse her improper requests. If you give a child everything it cries for, you not only make the whole household miserable, but you inflict upon the child the greatest possible injury.

POUGHKEEPSIE.—The coin described by you, we presume, is a French franc of the reign of Napoleon I. It is worth intrinsically about 18 cents, and is probably common in France at this day. The coins of the first empire may have been withdrawn from circulation by Charles X. and Louis Philippe: but they cannot have done it so completely as to render your coin very valuable as a rarity. We should think two dollars a high price for it.

DOCTOR.—You can learn to speak French in three months provided you place yourself in a situation where you will be compelled to speak it all the time. If you go to Paris, you should live in a family or hotel where no language but French is ever spoken. To learn to *write* French correctly is a much more difficult matter. That will require a year or two.

SALEM.—The duties of a midshipman are to acquire knowledge and experience; to assist in superintending and directing the crew; to take his turn at the watch; to command boats sent ashore upon minor errands; and, in a word, to do every duty that does not involve great responsibility. In action, we believe, a midshipman has command of one or more guns.

ARGYLE.—"Billingsgate Rhetoric" is but another name for "Slang."

SCIOTA.—There is no allaying the marriage-of-cousins controversy. Many a time and oft hath the LEDGER discoursed learnedly on this subject; but cousins still fall in love with one another, and write to ask our gracious permission to marry. We can only say, in reply to numerous epistles, that *mere* cousinship ought not to be considered a bar to marriage. Some cousins are as alike in temperament and constitution, are in fact as much akin, as brothers and sisters generally are. Such cousins are mad to marry one another. Other cousins, however, have scarcely any kinship to each other, inasmuch as they have derived their peculiarities of temperament and character from different sources. Such may marry. Where there is doubt as to the degree of consanguinity, it is better to err on the safe side, and not marry. In fact, if the marriage of cousins were made unlawful, the race would probably be the gainer by it.

F. D. J.—"Can a poor boy of fifteen ever become the owner of a good farm?" Most assuredly he can. Let him begin at once to save his money. If he saves twenty-five cents a week he will have thirteen dollars at the end of the first year. The second year he may be able to save a little more, and go on increasing till he saves two dollars a week. By the time he is twenty-five, he will have six hundred or seven hundred dollars; which, in the western country, will enable him to get hold of a good piece of land with some improvements on it. Ten years of faithful work will convert that piece of land into a complete and productive farm. If you cannot begin by saving so much as twenty-five cents a week, save as much as you can, if it is only five cents or one cent. The amount, at present, is not important; the great point is, to form the *habit* of denying yourself present pleasures for the sake of a future good.

W. G. G.—If a lady sends word that she is "not at home," when she is at home, what can you call it but a falsehood? The only question is, whether the falsehood is justifiable. We maintain, that true politeness never requires falsehood. Lying is the resort of cowardice. You should either see the person who calls upon you, or send a true reason for not seeing him. No one of genuine good breeding will take offence at being told that the lady of the house is "engaged." If anyone is foolish enough to be offended, you may congratulate yourself on having got rid of a disagreeable acquaintance. Every one, in this age of the world and in this country, should make it a point to be kind and polite without lying. The person who *will* tell the truth is allowed to tell it, and commended for telling it.

E. O.—This correspondent is perplexed with the following grave case: "Over a certain river there is a bridge; at one end of the bridge a gallows; and at the other, a court, where sit four judges. These judges decree that whoever passes over the bridge must swear where he is going and what is his business. If he swears truthfully, he may pass free, but if falsely he shall be hanged upon the gallows. Now, along comes a man who swears that his business over the bridge is solely to be hanged upon that gallows. What are the judges to do? The man has sworn the truth, and ought therefore to go free; and if he has sworn the truth, he must be hanged." The case is plain: He must first be allowed to cross the bridge without expense, and having arrived at the other side he is to be permitted to indulge his eccentric taste for hanging.

YONKERS.—The inventor of the steamboat, and the first constructor of a vessel moved by steam, was John Fitch, a native of the State of Connecticut. In 1787, he exhibited a steamboat to the members of the Federal Convention at Philadelphia. The boat was propelled slowly against both wind and tide. This fact is utterly beyond dispute. Fulton did not begin to experiment in steamboats until six years after John Fitch had succeeded. John Fitch had patents for the invention in New Jersey, Virginia and Pennsylvania, before Fulton began his steamboat studies; as these patents were duly recorded, the records may be seen.

ARROWHEAD.—This correspondent begins his letter with these words: "I am one possessed (whether fortunately or unfortunately, I know not,) of a talent for composition." He then inquires how he shall proceed in order to bring his talents into successful exercise. We think he need not give himself any concern on the subject. Since the world began, no man really endowed with a talent for composition has written such a sentence as the one we have just quoted. The chief fault of the sentence is its length. It begins well. The writer should have stopped after penning these words: "I am one possessed."

C. B.—There is a treaty between the United States and Great Britain which provides for the arrest and return of each other's *criminals*. But an ordinary debt cannot be recovered in either country at the suit of a foreign debtor, unless both debtor and creditor are residents of the country wherein the debt was incurred. In other words, a New York merchant cannot bring a suit in London to recover a debt incurred in New York by a citizen of the United States; nor can a Londoner sue an Englishman in New York for a debt incurred in London.

G. L.—We think that the father of the young lady to whom you are engaged, who, while you were bidding her good night at the door at eleven o'clock, told his daughter "it was time she was in bed," was perfectly right, and that, if you were a sensible fellow, instead of grumbling about it, and talking about not going there any more, you would not keep a lady in the chill night air so long bidding her a lover's protracted good-night.

L.—It would be neither proper nor gentlemanly for a man who meets a lady at a house in the evening on business, to tell the lady on going home that he was going her way, and then accompany her only as far as *his* residence, leaving her at a late hour to go several blocks alone. Such conduct on his part would be highly indecorous and insulting, which the lady should resent by immediately dropping his acquaintance.

SWEET BREATH.—Whether or not it would be right for you to correspond with a young lady whom you have been calling to see merely as a friend for some time, now that she is to leave for another city, depends upon circumstance, such as whether your intentions toward her are matrimonial, and if so, if they are justified by your position, &c. We cannot give a definite reply to so general a question.

JEANNETTE.—Whether you, a married woman, could properly accept a ring from a gentleman friend, depends upon the character of his intimacy in your family, and upon the fact of your husband's permission to do so. As a general thing, wives should be exceedingly cautious about accepting presents from gentlemen, and husbands equally so about accepting them from women.

LOVER.—To regain the regard of a young lady, who has cooled off on account of a two month's absence on your part, that was quite unavoidable, you should frankly tell her the whole circumstances of the case. Perhaps she does not understand that it *was* unavoidable. Tell her this, and treat her kindly, and she will probably return to her first love—if she ever really did love you.

S. S., Damariscotta.—We know nothing about the soundness or unsoundness of the "Cosmopolitan Art Association," and have no opinion to give as to why the expectations have not been met which you and your half-dozen friends at Damariscotta cherished when you sent the "Association" your three-dollar subscriptions.

L. F.—All we have to say about a gentleman friend who makes you frequent visits, and shows every mark of affection *except* proposing for your hand, is, the oftener you send him word you are "out," the better it will be for *your* peace of mind, and the sooner he will be able to tell you the state of *his own*.

B. D. W.—The girl you love slights you for another, and this other talks slanderously about you—do they? Well, why not march boldly up to the lady and offer yourself, and cut "this other" out. That's your best way of settling a difficulty which your rival has probably himself created for his own purposes.

E. A. M.—The young man who visits you and is angry and scolds you, if you speak to other gentlemen, is impertinent in the highest degree. He has no right to claim you exclusively, unless you have accepted an offer of marriage from him; you should immediately teach him that this is a selfish mistake on his part.

A CONSTANT READER.—"Why," asks our 'Constant Reader,' "do people, not intemperate, have red-noses?" Sometimes it is a cutaneous disease; sometimes it proceeds from tight lacing, or from neckcloths too tightly tied; sometimes from want of exercise to promote free circulation.

H. P.—It is quite proper for you to make proposals for the young girl, to her father, in case he understands your situation. Tell him the whole truth about it.

VIVANDIERE.—The Brigadier-General Pierce who mis-commanded the expedition to Great Bethel is not General Franklin Pierce, the ex-President.

CONSTANT READER.—Marriage with a deceased wife's sister is not unlawful in any of the States. Such marriages constantly occur among us.

LELAND—The fame of Sappho is traditional chiefly. But two short poems exist which are attributed to her. She flourished about 610 B. C.

C. H. D.—The most proper ring for an engagement ring is supposed to be a massive, plain gold one. *After* that, "diamonds" if you like, and can afford them.

NOVICE.—You should not *ask* a young lady for her daguerreotype, unless you are a relative or about to become one.

⁂ *Several letters stand over to be answered in our nex.*